A U M

The Brahman which has been thus described (as immortal and as the Gayatri) is the same as the ether which is around us; and the ether which is around us is the same as the ether which is within us, that is, the ether within the heart. That ether in the heart (as Brahman) is omnipresent and unchanging. He who knows this obtains omnipresent and unchangeable happiness.—*Chandogya-Upanishad.*

THEOSOPHY

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THE ENSOULED VIOLIN *

(By Hillarion Smerdis, F. T. S.)

THE almost supernatural or magic art of Nicolo Paganini—the greatest violin player that the world has ever produced—was often speculated upon, never understood. The sensation he produced upon his audience was marvellous, overpowering. The great Rossini wept like a sentimental German maiden, upon hearing him play for the first time. The princess Eliza of Lucca, sister of the great Napoleon, though he was in her service as the director of her private orchestra, was for a long time unable to hear him play without fainting. In women he produced nervous fits and hysterics at his will; stout hearted men he drove to frenzy. He changed cowards into heroes, and made the bravest soldiers become as nervous girls. Thousands of dreary tales circulated about this mysterious Genoese, the modern Orpheus of Italy. For besides his remarkable appearance—termed by his friends eccentric, and by his victims diabolical—he had experienced great difficulties in refuting certain rumours of his having murdered his wife, and after her, his mistress, both of whom loved him passionately. Their unquiet souls, it was whispered, had been made through his magic art to pass into his violin—the famous "Cremona:" superstition not utterly unground in view of his extraordinary facility in drawing out of his instrument the most unearthly sounds, and positively human voices. These effects well nigh startled his audiences into terror; and, if we add to it the impenetrable mystery connected with a certain period of his youth, we will find the wild tales told

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for January, 1880.

of him in a measure excusable; especially among a people whose ancestors knew the Borgias and the Medici of black-art fame.

We will now give a fact—a page from his biography—connected with, and based upon, such a tale. The press got hold of it at the time of its occurrence, and the annals of the literature of Italy preserve the record of it until now, though in many and various other forms.

It was in 1831. The great, the "diabolical" Paganini was creating at the house of the Paris Opera an enthusiasm unsurpassed by any triumph he had previously gleaned. After hearing him, several of the leading musicians of the noblest orchestra in the Western world, broke their instruments. . . . . .

At that time, there lived at Paris another violinist gifted with an extraordinary talent, but poor and unknown, a German, whose name was Franz Stenio. He was young and a philosopher, imbued with all the mysticism of Hoffman's *"Chant d'Antonia,"* and nursed in the atmosphere of the old haunted castles on the Rhine. He had studied the occult arts and dabbled in alchemy, but otherwise was interested but little in the matters of this world. The whole of his aspirations mounted, incense-like, together with the wave of heavenly harmony which he drew forth from his four-stringed instrument, to a higher and a nobler sphere.

His mother, his only love on earth and whom he had never left, died when he was thirty. It was then that he found he had been left poor indeed; poor in purse, still poorer in earthly affections. His old violin teacher, Samuel Klaus, one of those grotesque figures which look as if they had just stepped out of some old mediæval panel, with the speaking and piercing voice of a "show Punch," and the fantastic allures of a night-goblin, then took him by the hand, and, leading him to his violin, simply said:—"make yourself famous. I am old and childless, I will be your father, and we will live together." And they went to Paris.

Franz had never heard Paganini. He swore he would either eclipse all the violinists of those days, or, break his instrument and at the same time, put an end to his own life. Old Klaus rejoiced, and jumping on one leg like an old satyr, flattered and incensed him, believing himself all the while to be performing a sacred duty for the holy cause of art.

Franz was making himself ready for his first appearance before the public, when Paganini's arrival in the great capital of fashion was loudly heralded by his fame. The German violinist resolved to postpone his *debut,* and at first smiled at the enthusiastic mentions of the Italian's name. But soon this name became a fiery thorn in the heart of Franz, a threatening phantom in the mind of old Samuel. Both shuddered at the very mention of Paganini's successes.

At last the Italian's first concert was announced, and the prices of admission made enormous. The master and the pupil both pawned their watches and got two modest seats. Who can describe the

enthusiasm, the triumphs of this famous, and at the same time, fatal night? At the first touch of Paganini's magic bow, both Franz and Samuel felt as if the icy hand of death had touched them. Carried away by an irresistible enthusiasm which turned into a violent, unearthly mental torture, they dared neither look into each other's faces, nor exchange one word during the whole performance.

At midnight, while the chosen delegates of the Musical Society of Paris, unhitching the horses, were dragging in triumph Paganini home in his carriage, the two Germans having returned to their obscure apartment, were sitting mournful and desperate, in their usual places at the fire-corner. "Samuel!" exclaimed Franz, pale as death itself,—"Samuel—it remains for us now but to die! . . . Do you hear me? . . . We are worthless . . . worthless! We were two mad men to have hoped that any one in this world would ever rival . . . him!—" The name of Paganini stuck in his throat as in utter despair he fell into his arm-chair.

The old professor's wrinkles suddenly became purple; and his little greenish eyes gleamed phosphorescently as, bending toward his pupil, he whispered to him in a hoarse and broken voice– "Thou art wrong, my Franz! I have taught thee, and thou hast learned all of the great art that one simple mortal and a good Christian can learn from another and as simple a mortal as himself. Am I to be blamed because these accursed Italians, in order to reign unequalled in the domain of art, have recourse to Satan and the diabolical effects of black magic?"

Franz turned his eyes upon his old master. There was a sinister light burning in those glittering orbs; a light telling plainly, that to secure such a power, he too, would not scruple to sell himself, body and soul, to the Evil One.

Samuel understood the cruel thought, but yet went on with a feigned calmness—"You have heard the unfortunate tale rumoured about the famous Tartini? He died on one Sabbath night, strangled by his familiar demon, who had taught him the way, by means of incantations, to animate his violin, with a human soul, by shutting up in it, the soul of a young Virgin . . . Paganini did more; in order to endow his instrument with the faculty of emitting human sobs, despairing cries, in short the most heart-rending notes of the human voice, Paganini became the murderer of a friend, who was more tenderly attached to him than any other on this earth. He then made out of the intestines of his victim the four cords of his magic violin. This is the secret of his enchanting talent, of that overpowering melody, and that combination of sounds, which you will never be able to master, unless . . . . . ."

The old man could not finish the sentence. He staggered before the fiendish look of his pupil, and covered his face with his hands.—"And, . . . you really believe . . . that had I the means of obtaining human intestines for strings, I could rival Paganini?"

asked Franz, after a moment's pause, and casting down his eyes.

The old German, unveiled his face, and, with a strange look of determination upon it, softly answered.—"Human intestines only are not sufficient for our purpose: these must have belonged to one that has loved us well, and with an unselfish, holy, love. Tartini endowed his violin with the life of a virgin; but that virgin had died of unrequited love for him . . . The fiendish artist had prepared beforehand a tube in which he managed to catch her last breath as she expired in pronouncing his beloved name, and, then transferred this breath into his violin.* As to Paganini—I have just told you his tale. It was with the consent of his victim though, that he murdered him to get possession of his intestines . . . "Oh for the power of the human voice!" Samuel went on, after a brief pause. "What can equal the eloquence, the magic spell, of the human voice! Do you think, my poor boy, I would not have taught you this great, this final secret, were it not, that it throws one right into the clutches of *him* . . . who must remain unnamed at night?"

Franz did not answer. With a calm, awful to behold, he left his place, took down his violin from the wall where it was hanging, and with one powerful grasp of the cords tore them out and flung them into the fire.

The old Samuel suppressed a cry of horror. The cords were hissing upon the coals, where, among the blazing logs, they wriggled and curled like so many living snakes.

Weeks and months passed away. This conversation was never resumed between the master and the pupil. But a profound melancholy had taken possession of Franz, and the two hardly exchanged a word together. The violin hung mute, cordless, and full of dust, upon its habitual place. It was like the presence of a soulless corpse between them.

One night, as Franz sat, looking particularly pale and gloomy, old Samuel, suddenly jumped from his seat, and after hopping about the room in a mag-pie fashion approached his pupil, imprinted a fond kiss upon the young man's brow, and then squeaked at the top of his voice. "It is time to put an end to all this!" . . . Whereupon starting from his usual lethargy, Franz echoed, as in a dream;—"Yes, it is time to put an end to this." Upon which the two separated and went to bed.

On the following morning, when Franz awoke, he was astonished at not seeing his old teacher at his usual place to give him his first greeting. "Samuel! My good, my dear . . . Samuel!" exclaimed Franz, as he hurriedly jumped from his bed to go into his master's chamber. He staggered back frightened at the sound

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*Giuseppe Tartini, the great Italian composer and violinist of the xvii century, produced such an impression by his inspired performance that he was commonly styled the "master of nations." He eloped with a high born young lady of great beauty. His most marvellous composition was the *"Sonate du diable,"* or "Tartini's Dream," which he confessed to have written "on awakening from a dream, in which he had heard it performed by the devil, in consequence of a bargain struck with him."—ED. THEOS.

of his own voice, so changed and hoarse it seemed to him at this moment. No answer came in response to his call. Naught followed but a dead silence . . . There exists in the domain of sounds, a silence which usually denotes death. In the presence of a corpse, as in the lugubrious stillness of a tomb, silence acquires a mysterious power, which strikes the sensitive soul with a nameless terror . . .

Samuel was lying on his bed, cold, stiff and lifeless . . . At the sight of him, who had loved him so well, and had been more than a father, Franz experienced a dreadful shock. But the passion of the fanatical artist got the better of the despair of the man, and smothered the feelings of the latter.

A note addressed with his own name was conspicuously placed upon a table near the corpse. With a trembling hand, the violinist tore open the envelope, and read the following:—

"My beloved Franz,

"When you read this, I will have made the greatest sacrifice, your best and only friend and professor could have accomplished, for your fame. He, who loved you most, is now but an inanimate body; of your old teacher there now remains but a clod of cold organic matter. I need not prompt you as to what you have to do with it. Fear not stupid prejudices. It is for your future fame that I have made an offering of my body, and you would become guilty of the blackest ingratitude, were you now to render this sacrifice useless. When you shall have replaced the cords upon your violin, and these cords —a portion of my own self,—will acquire under your touch my voice, my groans, my song of welcome, and the sobs of my infinite love for you, my boy,—then, Oh, Franz, fear nobody! Take your instrument along with you, and follow the steps of him who filled our lives with bitterness and despair. . . . Appear on the arena, where, hitherto, he has reigned without a rival, and bravely throw the gauntlet of defiance into his face. Oh, Franz! then only wilt thou hear with what a magic power the full note of love will issue forth from thy violin; as with a last caressing touch of its cords, thou wilt, perhaps, remember that they have once formed a portion of thine old teacher, who now embraces and blesses thee for the last time.

—SAMUEL."

Two burning tears sparkled in the eyes of Franz, but they dried up instantly under the fiery rush of passionate hope and pride. The eyes of the future magician-artist, rivetted to the ghastly face of the corpse, shone like the eyes of the church-owl.

Our pen refuses to describe what took place later on that day, in the death room, after the legal autopsy was over. Suffice to say, that, after a fortnight had passed, the violin was dusted and four new, stout, cords had been stretched upon it. Franz dared not look at them. He tried to play, but the bow trembled in his hand like a dagger in the grasp of a novice-brigand. He made a vow not to try again until the portentous night when he should have a chance to rival—nay, surpass Paganini.

But the famous violinist had left Paris and was now giving a series of triumphant concerts at an old Flemish town in Belgium.

One night, as Paganini sat in the bar room of the hotel at which he stopped, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, a visiting

card was handed to him which had a few words written in pencil upon its back, by a young man with wild and staring eyes. Fixing upon the intruder a look which few persons could bear, but receiving back a glance as determined and calm as his own, Paganini slightly bowed and then dryly said:—"Sir, it will be as you desire, . . . name the night . . . I am at your service. . ."

On the following morning the whole town was startled at the sight of numerous bills posted at the corner of every street. The strange notice ran thus:—

"To-night at the Grand Theatre of—, and for the first time, will appear before the public, Franz Stenio, a German Violinist, arrived purposely to throw the gauntlet at, and challenge the world-famous Paganini to a duel—upon their violins. He purposes to compete with the great 'virtuoso' in the execution of the most difficult of his compositions. The famous Paganini has accepted the challenge. Franz Stenio will have to play in competition with the unrivalled violinist the celegrated 'Fantaisie caprice' of the latter, known as 'THE WITCHES."

The effect of the notice proved magical. Paganini, who, amid his greatest triumphs, never lost sight of a profitable speculation, doubled the usual price of admission. But still the theatre could not hold the crowds that flocked to it on that memorable night.

At the terrible hour of the forthcoming struggle, Franz was at his post, calm, resolute, almost smiling. It was arranged that Paganini should begin. When he appeared upon the stage, the thick walls of the theatre shook to their foundation with the applause that greeted him. He began and ended his famous composition *"The Witches"* amid uninterrupted bravos. The cries of public enthusiasm lasted so long that Franz began to think his turn would never come. When, at last, Paganini, amid the roaring applauses of a frantic public, was allowed to retire behind the scenes, and his eye fell upon Stenio, who was tuning his violin, he felt amazed at the serene calmness, and the air of assurance of the unknown German artist.

When Franz approached the foot-lights, he was received with an icy coldness. But for all that he did not feel in the least disconcerted: he only scornfully smiled, for he was sure of his triumph.

At the first notes of the *Prelude* of "The Witches" the audience became dumb struck with astonishment. It was Paganini's touch, and—it was something else besides. Some—and that some the majority—thought that never, in his best moments of inspiration had the Italian artist himself, while executing this diabolical composition of his, exhibited such an equally diabolical power. Under the pressure of the long muscular fingers, the cords wriggled like the palpitating intestines of a disemboweled victim, the Satanic eye of the artist, fixed upon the sound board, called forth hell itself out of the mysterious depths of his instrument. Sounds transformed themselves into shapes, and gathering thickly, at the evocation of the mighty magician, whirled around him, like a host of

fantastic, infernal figures, dancing the witches' "goat dance." In the emptiness of the stage background behind him, a nameless phantasmagoria produced by the concussion of unearthly vibrations, seemed to draw pictures of shameless orgies, and the voluptuous hymens, of the witches' Sabbath . . . . A collective hallucination got hold of the public. Panting for breath, ghastly, and trickling with the icy perspiration of an inexpressible terror, they sat spell-bound, and unable to break the charm of the music by the slightest motion. They experienced all the illicit enervating delights of the paradise of Mohammed that come into the disordered fancy of an opium-eating Mussalman, and felt at the same time the abject terror, the agony of one who struggles against an attack of *delirium tremens* . . . . . Many ladies fainted, and strong men gnashed their teeth in a state of utter helplessness! . . . . . .

Then came the *finale*——The magic bow was just drawing forth its last quivering sounds—imitating the precipitate flight of the witches saturated with the fumes of their night's saturnalia, when the notes suddenly changed in their melodious ascension into the squeaking, disagreeable tones of a street *punchinello,** screaming at the top of his senile voice: "Art thou satisfied, Franz, my boy? . . . . Have I well kept my promise, eh" . . . . And then, the slender graceful figure of the violinist suddenly appeared to the public as entirely enveloped in a semi-transparent form, which clearly defined the outlines of a grotesque and grinning but terribly awful looking old man, whose bowels were protruding and ended where they were stretched on the violin!

Within this hazy, quivering veil, the violinist was then seen driving furiously his bow upon the *human cords* with the contortions of a demoniac, as represented on a mediæval Cathedral painting!

An indescribable panic swept over the audience, and, breaking through the spell which had bound them for so long motionless in their seats, every living creature in the theatre made one mad rush to the door. It was like the sudden outburst of a dam; a human torrent, roaring amid a shower of discordant notes, idiotic squeaking, prolonged and whining moans, and cacophonous cries of frenzy, above which, like the detonations of pistol shots, was heard the consecutive bursting of the four cords upon the bewitched violin . . . . . .

. . . . . .

When the theatre was emptied of its last occupant, the terrified manager rushed on the stage in search of the unfortunate performer. They found him dead and stiff, behind the foot-lights, twisted up in the most unnatural of postures, and his violin shattered into a thousand fragments. . . . . .

Cyprus, October 1st, 1879.

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*Punch and Judy show—an old and very popular street amusement among Western nations.

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THEOSOPHIC DIET*

The question "whether to eat meat or not to eat it" is one which is uppermost in the minds of many theosophists to-day. Some will eat no meat, while others still use it, and a few who are vegetarians seem to think that the meat eaters are sinners and cannot be spiritual.

Although I belong to the Spanish-speaking people, I am a vegetarian and a theosophist; and I hope that the difference in race will not have any effect on my American readers, brother theosophists.

Let us examine the different standpoints taken, and look at the matter without any bias in favor of either vegetarianism or carnivorous diet.

The meat eaters say that in nature we find cows and elephants eating no meat, and yet that they seem to have no additional spirituality as a result, and that among men we often see those who, although they eat meat, are at the same time highly spiritualised. This is their case.

The vegetarians have these arguments: (*a*) that animal food necessarily imparts to the eater the qualities of the animal, and that the eating of meat not only may give us the diseases of the animal, but also tends to inflame the blood and makes the gross envelope of the body more dense than ever; (*b*) that it is wrong to kill animals for food, because, as we did not give them life, we have no right to take it away from them; (*c*) that by living on vegetable food we make the gross body more permeable to higher influences. There may be finer divisions of the argument, but the above will give their case in general.

It must make much difference in the conclusion whether one is speaking of a man belonging to the western nations or of one who, like the Hindu, comes of a race which for ages has taken no animal food. It is held by many physiologists that the stomach is an organ for the digesting of animal food only, and that in a vegetarian the pyloric valve leading from the stomach is so paralyzed from want of use that the food passes directly into the intestines. It must therefore follow that the western man may be placing himself in danger of fatal derangement of his system when he leaves meat eating and takes up vegetarianism. This has, indeed, been proved in many cases to be a real danger. I have before me the reports of several theosophists who found that it was not possible for them to make the change; at the same time others have made it with perfect safety. The trouble did not arise from weakness

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following lack of meat, but from imperfect digestion causing disease. This is due to the retention in the stomach of vegetable matter for so long a time that yeast and other growths were thrown into the circulation; these are sufficient to bring on tuberculosis, nervous diseases, and other manifold derangements. It is well known that a man who has melancholia due to systenemia cannot expect to reach a high development in occultism.

We next find that there are powerful black magicians in farther India and in many other places who do not deny themselves meat but take as much as they wish, and also stimulants. From this we conclude that power over nature's forces is not solely in the hands of the vegetarian. We need not stop to consider the fate of such magicians, as that has been often dilated upon.

Now although the Hindu has been always a vegetarian, it is a fact that for him the acquirement of knowledge of absolute truth is as difficult as it is for the western man who eats meat. In the books of the Hindoo on the subject of spiritual culture or soul development, the rules laid down are extremely hard to follow. The eating of meat is not definitely referred to, but the attainment of union with the Supreme, *from which alone knowledge of absolute truth results,* is hedged about with difficulties in comparison with which the eating of meat sinks into the shade; but we must remember that it is assumed in India that the student is not a meat eater. The reason for the prohibition, however, is that a man has no right to kill animals for his food or for any other reason. He must refrain, not because the act is forbidden, but because his whole nature, through the great love and pity that he feels, naturally recoils from such an act. It is plain, if this rule be the correct one—and I think it is—, that a person who stops the eating of meat in order that he may by complying with that condition attain to a development he has set before him misses the mark, and has acquired a selfish motive for the line thus adopted. It is an old and true saying that the kingdom of God cometh not from taking or refraining from meat, nor from the refraining from anything whatever, but that it is *within us.* In another place it is said that this kingdom of heaven is taken by violence; that is, it requires all knowledge and all goodness to attain at last to that union with the spirit which is the kingdom of heaven. And such attainments are not in the reach of either those who, on the one hand, long for sentimental religion only, or those who, on the other, work that they may reach the blissful result for themselves. The first, although extremely good, are barred from want of knowledge, and the other by the selfish motive at the bottom of their practice. In the "Great Journey," translated from the Sanscrit by Mr. Arnold, is a beautiful illustration of the spirit and motive which must actuate us. Yudishthira reached heaven after losing his friends on

the way, and was at the gate accompanied by his dog who looked to him as his only friend; and when he was refused admission because the dog was with him, he declined to enter. He was let in, and the dog revealed himself as one of the gods; then the king found that his friends were not there, and was told that they were in hell. He asked to go there, and was sent. He found it an awful place and was on the point of returning, when the pitiful voices of his friends called him back, saying that he gave them some comfort by his presence, and he then said he would stay in hell for them. This was reported to the gods, and they in a body went to hell and rescued all the denizens of the place for his sake. The selfishness or selflessness of the motive will determine the result.

We find, on referring to the great Indian work of Patanjali on the Philosophy of Yogam, that nothing is said about meat eating. The disciple is not met with the regulation at the outset, "You must refrain from eating meat." This is not because the people were all vegetarians at the time it was written, because even then permissions were extended to certain classes of men for the eating of flesh. The warrior was allowed to eat meat, and out of the warrior caste arose many who attained to the supreme heights of adeptship. To say that carnivorous diet will *in itself* exclude you from spiritual attainments is of like character with the statement that one cannot attain unless he is of the unsullied Brahmin caste. That was sometimes said by some Brahmins, but is easily met by the fact that the great Krishna was a shepherd by caste.

What, then, is the true theosophic diet? It is that which best agrees with you, taken in moderation, neither too much nor too little. If your constitution and temperament will permit vegetarianism, then that will give less heat to the blood; and, if it is practised from the sincere conviction that it is not true brotherhood to destroy living creatures so highly organized as animals, then so much the better. But if you refrain from meat in order to develop your psychic powers and senses, and continue the same sort of thoughts you have always had, neither cultivating nor practising the highest altruism, the vegetarianism is in vain.

The inner nature has a diet out of our thoughts and motives. If those are low or gross or selfish, it is equivalent to feeding that nature upon gross food. True theosophic diet is therefore not of either meat or wine; it is unselfish thoughts and deeds, untiring devotion to the welfare of "the great orphan Humanity," absolute abnegation of self, unutterable aspiration to the Divine—the Supreme Soul. This only is what we can grow upon. And vain are he hopes of those who pin their faith on any other doctrine.

RODRIGUEZ UNDIANO.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS*

C.—I have heard some members talking about attracting elementals, and of this or that place being full of elementals. Not seeing these beings myself, and not knowing much about it, I would like to know if the phrases used are correct.

ANS.—It is quite probable that these persons never saw an elemental, and know still less, perhaps, than yourself of the subject and of the laws that may govern such entities. So do not be abashed by their assumption of knowledge. It is incorrect to talk of one place being more full of elementals than another place. We might as well say there is more space in one spot of space than another. Elementals are everywhere, just as animalculæ fill the air; they obey the laws peculiar to themselves, and move in the currents of ether. If now and then they make themselves manifest, it does not hence follow that an additional number have been attracted to the spot, but only that conditions have altered so as to cause some disturbance. W. Q. J.

T. C. AND F. O. R.—In some formerly published articles something is said of a future date marking the withdrawal of certain portions of the influence of the Adepts, and that those who have not gotten past the obstacles before that will have to wait until next incarnation. Is it necessary that one should be aware of having passed sufficiently far; must one be conscious of it? If so, I, for one, am "not in it."

ANS.—It is not necessary to be conscious of the progress one has made. Nor is the date in any sense an extinguisher, as some have styled it. In these days we are too prone to wish to know everything all at once, especially in relation to ourselves. It may be desirable and encouraging to be thus conscious, but it is not necessary. We make a good deal of progress in our inner, hidden life of which we are not at all conscious. We may not know of it until some later life. So in this case many may be quite beyond the obstacles and not be conscious of it. It is best to go on with duty, and to refrain from this trying to take stock and measuring of progress. All of our progress is in the inner nature, and not in the physical where lives the brain, and from which the present question comes. The apparent physical progress is evanescent. It is ended when the body dies, at which time, if the inner man has not been allowed to guide us, the natural record against us will be a cipher, or "failure." Now, as the great Adepts live in the plane of our inner nature, it must follow that they might be actively helping every one of us after the date referred to, and we, as physical brain men, not be conscious of it on this plane.

W. Q. J.

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THOUGHTS ON THEOSOPHY *

"THE letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," this is the key-note of all true reform. Theosophy is the vehicle of the spirit that gives life, consequently nothing *dogmatic* can be truly *theosophical.*

It is incorrect, therefore, to describe a *mere* unearthing of dead letter dogmas as "Theosophic work."

When a word, phrase, or symbol, having been once used for the purpose of suggesting an idea *new* to the mind or minds being operated on, is insisted upon irrespective of the said idea, it becomes a dead letter dogma and loses its vitalising power, and serves rather as an obstruction to, than as vehicle of the spirit; but, alas, this insistence upon the letter is too often carried on under the honoured name of "Theosophy."

A man cannot acquire an idea *new to him* unless it *grows* in his mind.

The mere familiarity with the *sound* of a word, or a phrase, or the mere familiarity with the *appearance* of a symbol, does not, of *necessity,* involve the possession of the idea properly associated with the said word, phrase or symbol. To insist, therefore, on the contrary cannot be theosophical; but would be better described as *un*theosophical.

It would certainly be theosophical work to point out kindly and temperately how certain words, phrases and symbols appear to have been misunderstood or misapplied, how various claims and professions may be excessive or confused as a consequence of ignorance or vanity, or both. But it is quite another thing to condemn a man or a body of men *outright,* for certain errors in judgment or action; even though they were the result of vanity, greed or hypocrisy; indeed such wholesale condemnation would, on the contrary, be untheosophical.

The one eternal, immutable law of life alone can judge and condemn a man absolutely. "Vengeance is *mine,* saith the Lord."

Were I asked how I would dare attempt "to dethrone the gods, overthrow the temple, destroy the law which feeds the priests and props the realm; I should answer as the Buddha is made to answer in the *Light of Asia:* 'What thou bidst me keep is form which passes while the free truth stands; get thee to thy darkness.'"

"What good gift hath my brother but it comes from search and strife (inward) and loving sacrifice."

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*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for October, 1887.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"*

"*Truth* is the Voice of Nature and of Time—
Truth is the startling monitor *within us*—
Nought is without it, it comes from the stars,
The golden sun, and every breeze that blows. . . . "
—W. THOMPSON BACON.

". . . Fair Truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective, but obscured
By my weak prejudice, imperfect faith
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of goodness. . . ."
—HANNAH MORE.

"WHAT is Truth?" asked Pilate of one whom if the claims of the Christian Church are even approximately correct, must have known it. But He kept silent. And the truth which He did not divulge, remained unrevealed, for his later followers as much as for the Roman Governor. The silence of Jesus, however, on this and other occasions, does not prevent his present followers from acting as though they had received the ultimate and absolute Truth itself; and from ignoring the fact that only such Words of Wisdom had been given to them as contained a share of the truth, itself concealed in parables and dark, though beautiful, sayings.[1]

This policy led gradually to dogmatism and assertion. Dogmatism in churches, dogmatism in science, dogmatism everywhere. The possible truths, hazily perceived in the world of abstraction, like those inferred from observation and experiment in the world of matter, are forced upon the profane multitudes, too busy to think for themselves, under the form of *Divine revelation* and *Scientific authority*. But the same question stands open from the days of Socrates and Pilate down to our own age of wholesale negation: is there such a thing as *absolute truth* in the hands of any one party or man? Reason answers, "there cannot be." There is no room for absolute truth upon any subject whatsoever, in a world as finite and conditioned as man is himself. But there are relative truths, and we have to make the best we can of them.

In every age there have been Sages who had mastered the absolute and yet could teach but relative truths. For none yet, born of mortal woman in *our* race, has, or could have given out, the whole and the final truth to another man, for every one of us has to find that (to him) final knowledge *in* himself. As no two minds can be absolutely alike, each has to receive the supreme illumination *through* itself, according to its capacity, and from no *human* light. The greatest adept living can reveal of the Universal Truth only so much as the mind he is impressing it upon can assim-

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[1]Jesus says to the "Twelve"—"Unto you is given the mystery of the Kingdom of God; but *unto them that are without, all things are done in parables,*" etc. (Mark iv. 11.)

ilate, and no more. *Tot homines, quot sententiae*—is an immortal truism. The sun is one, but its beams are numberless; and the effects produced are beneficent or maleficent, according to the nature and constitution of the objects they shine upon. Polarity is universal, but the polariser lies in our own consciousness. In proportion as our consciousness is elevated towards absolute truth, so do we men assimilate it more or less absolutely. But man's consciousness again, is only the sunflower of the earth. Longing for the warm ray, the plant can only turn to the sun, and move round and round in following the course of the unreachable luminary: its roots keep it fast to the soil, and half its life is passed in the shadow. . . .

Still each of us can relatively reach the Sun of Truth even on this earth, and assimilate its warmest and most direct rays, however differentiated they may become after their long journey through the physical particles in space. To achieve this, there are two methods. On the physical plane we may use our mental polariscope; and, analyzing the properties of each ray, choose the purest. On the plane of spirituality, to reach the Sun of Truth we must work in dead earnest for the development of our higher nature. We know that by paralyzing gradually within ourselves the appetites of the lower personality, and thereby deadening the voice of the purely physiological mind— that mind which depends upon, and is inseparable from, its medium or *vehicle*, the organic brain— the animal man in us may make room for the spiritual; and once aroused from its latent state, the highest spiritual senses and perceptions grow in us in proportion, and develop *pari passu* with the "divine man." This is what the great adepts, the Yogis in the East and the Mystics in the West, have always done and are still doing.

But we also know, that with a few exceptions, no man of the world, no materialist, will ever believe in the existence of such adepts, or even in the possibility of such a spiritual or psychic development. "The (ancient) fool hath said in his heart, There is no God"; the modern says, "There are no adepts on earth, they are figments of your diseased fancy." Knowing this we hasten to reassure our readers of the Thomas Didymus type. We beg them to turn in this magazine to reading more congenial to them; say to the miscellaneous papers on Hylo-Idealism, by various writers.*

For LUCIFER tries to satisfy its readers of whatever "school of thought," and shows itself equally impartial to Theist and Atheist, Mystic and Agnostic, Christian and Gentile. Such articles as our editorials, the Comments on "Light on the Path," etc., etc.—are not intended for Materialists. They are addressed to Theosophists, or

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**e.g.*, to the little article "Autocentricism"—on the same "philosophy", or again, to the apex of the Hylo-Idealist pyramid in this Number. It is a letter of protest by the learned Founder of the School in question, against a *mistake* of ours. He complains of our "coupling" his name with those of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others, on the question of atheism and materialism, as the said lights in the psychological and physical sciences are considered by Dr. Lewins too flickering, too "compromising" and weak, to deserve the honourable appellation of Atheists or even Agnostics. See "Correspondence" in Double Column, and the reply by 'The Adversary."

readers who know in their hearts that Masters of Wisdom *do* exist: and, though *absolute* truth is not on earth and has to be searched for in higher regions, that there still are, even on this silly, ever-whirling little globe of ours, some things that are not even dreamt of in Western philosophy.

To return to our subject. It thus follows that, though "general *abstract* truth is the most precious of all blessings" for many of us, as it was for Rousseau, we have, meanwhile, to be satsified with relative truths. In sober fact, we are a poor set of mortals at best, ever in dread before the face of even a relative truth, lest it should devour ourselves and our petty little preconceptions along with us. As for an absolute truth, most of us are as incapable of seeing it as of reaching the moon on a bicycle. Firstly, because absolute truth is as immovable as the mountain of Mahomet, which refused to disturb itself for the prophet, so that he had to go to it himself. And we have to follow his example if we would approach it even at a distance. Secondly, because the kingdom of absolute truth is not of this world, while we are too much of it. And thirdly, because notwithstanding that in the poet's fancy man is

> ". . . . . the abstract
> Of all perfection, which the workmanship
> Of heaven hath modelled. . . . . "

in reality he is a sorry bundle of anomalies and paradoxes, an empty wind bag inflated with his own importance, with contradictory and easily influenced opinions. He is at once an arrogant and a weak creature, which, though in constant dread of some authority, terrestrial or celestial, will yet—

> ". . . . . like an angry ape,
> Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
> As make the angels weep."

Now, since truth is a multifaced jewel, the facets of which it is impossible to perceive all at once; and since, again, no two men, however anxious to discern truth, can see even one of those facets alike, what can be done to help them to perceive it? As physical man, limited and trammelled from every side by illusions, cannot reach truth by the light of his terrestrial perceptions, we say—develop in you the *inner* knowledge. From the time when the Delphic oracle said to the enquirer "Man, know thyself," no greater or more important truth was ever taught. Without such perception, man will remain ever blind to even many a relative, let alone absolute, truth. Man has to *know himself*, *i. e.*, acquire the *inner* perceptions which never deceive, before he can master any absolute truth. Absolute truth is *the symbol of Eternity*, and no *finite* mind can ever grasp the eternal, hence, no truth in its fulness can ever dawn upon it. To reach the state during which man sees and senses it, we have to paralyze the senses of the external man of clay. This is a difficult task, we may be told, and most people will, at this rate, prefer to remain satisfied with rela-

tive truths, no doubt. But to approach even terrestrial truths requires, first of all, *love of truth for its own sake,* for otherwise no recognition of it will follow. And who loves truth in this age for its own sake? How many of us are prepared to search for, accept, and carry it out, in the midst of a society in which anything that would achieve success *has to be built on appearances, not on reality, on self-assertion, not on intrinsic value?* We are fully aware of the difficulties in the way of receiving truth. The fair heavenly maiden descends only on a (to her) congenial soil—the soil of an impartial, unprejudiced mind, illuminated by pure Spiritual Consciousness; and both are truly rare dwellers in civilized lands. In our century of steam and electricity, when man lives at a maddening speed that leaves him barely time for reflection, he allows himself usually to be drifted down from cradle to grave, nailed to the Procrustean bed of custom and conventionality. Now conventionality—pure and simple—is a congenital LIE, as it is in every case a "*simulation* of feelings according to a received standard" (F. W. Robertson's definition); and where there is any simulation *there cannot be any truth.* How profound the remark made by Byron, that "truth is a gem that is found at a great depth; whilst on the surface of this world all things are weighed *by the false scales of custom,*" is best known to those who are forced to live in the stifling atmosphere of such social conventionalism, and who, even when willing and anxious to learn, dare not accept the truths they long for, for fear of the ferocious Moloch called Society.

Look around you, reader; study the accounts given by world-known travellers, recall the joint observations of literary thinkers, the data of science and of statistics. Draw the picture of modern society, of modern politics, of modern religion and modern life in general before your mind's eye. Remember the ways and customs of every cultured race and nation under the sun. Observe the doings and the moral attitude of people in the civilized centres of Europe, America, and even of the far East and the colonies, everywhere where the white man has carried the "benefits" of so-called civilization. And now, having passed in review all this, pause and reflect, and then name, *if you can,* that blessed *Eldorado,* that exceptional spot on the globe, *where* TRUTH *is the honoured guest, and* LIE *and* SHAM *the ostracised outcasts?* YOU CANNOT. Nor can any one else, unless he is prepared and determined to add his mite to the mass of falsehood that reigns supreme in every department of national and social life. "Truth!" cried Carlyle, "truth, though the heavens crush me for following her, no falsehood, though a whole celestial Lubberland were the prize of Apostasy." Noble words, these. But how many think, and how many will *dare* to speak as Carlyle did, in our nineteenth century day? Does not the gigantic appalling majority prefer to a man the "paradise of Do-nothings," the *pays de Cocagne* of heartless selfishness? It is this majority that recoils terror-stricken before the most shad-

owy outline of every new and unpopular truth, out of mere cowardly fear, lest Mrs. Harris should denounce, and Mrs. Grundy condemn, its converts to the torture of being rent piecemeal by her murderous tongue.

Selfishness, the first-born of Ignorance, and the fruit of the teaching which asserts that for every newly-born infant a new soul, *separate and distinct* from the Universal Soul, is "created"—this Selfishness is the impassable wall between the *personal* Self and Truth. It is the prolific mother of all human vices, *Lie* being born out of the necessity for dissembling, and *Hypocrisy* out of the desire to mask *Lie*. It is the fungus growing and strengthening with age in every human heart in which it has devoured all better feelings. Selfishness kills every noble impulse in our natures, and is the one deity, fearing no faithlessness or desertion from its votaries. Hence, we see it reign supreme in the world and in so-called fashionable society. As a result, we live, and move, and have our being in this god of darkness under his trinitarian aspect of Sham, Humbug, and Falsehood, called Respectability.

Is this Truth and Fact, or is it slander? Turn whichever way you will, and you find, from the top of the social ladder to the bottom, deceit and hypocrisy at work for dear Self's sake, in every nation as in every individual. But nations, by tacit agreement, have decided that selfish motives in politics shall be called "noble national aspiration, patriotism," etc.; and the citizen views it in his family circle as "domestic virtue." Nevertheless, Selfishness, whether it breeds desire for aggrandizement of territory, or competition in commerce at the expense of one's neighbor, can never be regarded as a virtue. We see smooth-tongued Deceit and Brute Force—the *Jachin* and *Boaz* of every International Temple of Solomon—called Diplomacy, and we call it by its right name. Because the diplomat bows low before these two pillars of national glory and politics, and puts their masonic symbolism "in (cunning) strength shall this my house be established" into daily practice; *i. e.*, gets by deceit what he cannot obtain by force—shall we applaud him? A diplomat's qualification—"dexterity or skill in securing advantages"—for one's own country at the expense of other countries, can hardly be achieved by speaking *Truth*, but verily by a wily and deceitful tongue; and, therefore, Lucifer calls such action—a *living*, and an evident Lie.

But it is not in politics alone that custom and selfishness have agreed to call deceit and lie virtue, and to reward him who lies best with public statues. Every class of Society lives on Lie, and would fall to pieces without it. Cultured, God-and-law-fearing aristocracy being as fond of the forbidden fruit as any plebeian, is forced to lie from morn to noon in order to cover what it is pleased to term its "little peccadillos," but which Truth regards as gross immorality. Society of the middle classes is honeycombed with false smiles, false talk, and mutual treachery. For the majority religion has become a thin tinsel veil thrown over

the corpse of spiritual faith. The master goes to church to deceive his servants; the starving curate—preaching what he has ceased to believe in—hood-winks his bishop; the bishop—his God. *Dailies,* political and social, might adopt with advantage for their motto Georges Dandin's immortal query—"Lequel de nous deux trompe-t-on ici?"—Even Science, once the anchor of the salvation of Truth, has ceased to be the temple of *naked* Fact. Almost to a man the Scientists strive now only to force upon their colleagues and the public the acceptance of some personal hobby, of some new-fangled theory, which will shed lustre on their name and fame. A Scientist is as ready to suppress damaging evidence against a current scientific hypothesis in our times, as a missionary in heathen-land, or a preacher at home, to persuade his congregation that modern geology is a lie, and evolution but vanity and vexation of spirit.

Such is the actual state of things in 1888 A. D., and yet we are taken to task by certain papers for seeing this year in more than gloomy colours!

Lie has spread to such extent—supported as it is by custom and conventionalities—that even chronology forces people to lie. The suffixes A. D. and B. C. used after the dates of the year by Jew and Heathen, in European and even Asiatic lands, by the Materialist and the Agnostic as much as by the Christian, at home, are—a *lie* used to sanction another LIE.

Where then is even relative truth to be found? If, so far back as the century of Democritus, she appeared to him under the form of a goddess lying at the very bottom of a well, so deep that it gave but little hope for her release; under the present circumstances we have a certain right to believe her hidden, at least, as far off as the ever invisible *dark* side of the moon. This is why, perhaps, all the votaries of hidden truths are forthwith set down as lunatics. However it may be, in no case and under no threat shall LUCIFER be ever forced into pandering to any universally and tacitly recognised, and as universally practised lie, but will hold to fact, pure and simple, trying to proclaim truth whensoever found, and under no cowardly mask. Bigotry and intolerance may be regarded as orthodox and sound policy, and the encouraging of social prejudices and personal hobbies at the cost of truth, as a wise course to pursue in order to secure success for a publication. Let it be so. The Editors of LUCIFER are Theosophists, and their motto is chosen: *Vera pro gratiis.*

They are quite aware that LUCIFER's libations and sacrifices to the goddess Truth do not send a sweet savoury smoke into the noses of the lords of the press, nor does the bright "Son of the Morning" smell sweet in their nostrils. He is ignored when not abused as—*veritas odium paret.* Even his friends are beginning to find fault with him. They cannot see *why it should not be a purely Theosophical magazine,* in other words, why it refuses to be dogmatic and bigoted. Instead of devoting every inch of space

to theosophical and occult teachings, it opens its pages "to the publication of the most grotesquely heterogeneous elements and conflicting doctrines." This is the chief accusation, to which we answer—why not? Theosophy is divine knowledge, and knowledge is truth; every *true* fact, every sincere word are thus part and parcel of Theosophy. One who is skilled in divine alchemy, or even approximately blessed with the gift of the perception of truth, will find and extract it from an erroneous as much as from a correct statement. However small the particle of gold lost in a ton of rubbish, it is the noble metal still, and worthy of being dug out even at the price of some extra trouble. As has been said, it is often as useful to know what a thing *is not,* as to learn what it *is.* The average reader can hardly hope to find any fact in a sectarian publication under all its aspects, *pro* and *con,* for either one way or the other its presentation is sure to be biassed, and the scales helped to incline to that side to which its editor's special policy is directed. A Theosophical magazine is thus, perhaps, the only publication where one may hope to find, at any rate, the unbiassed, if still only approximate truth and fact. Naked truth is reflected in Lucifer under its many aspects, for no philosophical or religious views are excluded from its pages. And, as every philosophy and religion, however incomplete, unsatisfactory, and even foolish some may be occasionally, must be based on a truth and fact of some kind, the reader has thus the opportunity of comparing, analysing, and choosing from the several philosophies discussed therein. Lucifer offers as many facets of the One universal jewel as its limited space will permit, and says to its readers: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods that were on the other side of the flood which submerged man's reasoning powers and divine knowledge, or the gods of the Amorites of *custom* and *social falsehood,* or again, the Lord of (the highest) Self—the bright destroyer of the dark power of illusion?" Surely it is that philosophy that tends to diminish, instead of adding to, the sum of human misery, which is the best.

At all events, the choice is there, and for this purpose only have we opened our pages to every kind of contributors. Therefore do you find in them the views of a Christian clergyman who believes in his God and Christ, but rejects the wicked interpretations and the enforced dogmas of his ambitious proud Church, along with the doctrines of the Hylo-Idealist, who denies God, soul, and immortality, and believes in nought save himself. The rankest Materialists will find hospitality in our journal; aye, even those who have not scrupled to fill pages of it with sneers and personal remarks upon ourselves, and abuse of the doctrines of Theosophy, so dear to us. When a journal of *free thought,* conducted by an Atheist, inserts an article by a Mystic or Theosophist in praise of his occult views and the mystery of Parabrahmam, and passes on it only a few casual remarks, then shall we say Lucifer has found a rival. When a Christian periodical or mis-

sionary organ accepts an article from the pen of a free-thinker deriding belief in Adam and his rib, and passes criticism on Christianity—its editor's faith—in meek silence, then it will have become worthy of LUCIFER, and may be said truly to have reached that degree of tolerance when it may be placed on a level with any Theosophical publication.

But so long as none of these organs do something of the kind, they are all sectarian, bigoted, intolerant, and can never have an idea of truth and justice. They may throw innuendoes against LUCIFER and its editors, they cannot affect either. In fact, the editors of that magazine feel proud of such criticism and accusations, as they are witnesses to the absolute absence of bigotry, or arrogance of any kind in theosophy, the result of the divine beauty of the doctrines it preaches. For, as said, Theosophy allows a hearing and a fair chance to all. It deems no views—if sincere—entirely destitute of truth. It respects thinking men, to whatever class of thought they may belong. Ever ready to oppose ideas and views which can only create confusion without benefiting philosophy, it leaves their expounders personally to believe in whatever they please, and does justice to their ideas when they are good. Indeed, the conclusions or deductions of a philosophic writer may be entirely opposed to our views and the teachings we expound; yet, his premises and statements of facts may be quite correct, and other people may profit by the adverse philosophy, even if we ourselves reject it, believing we have something higher and still nearer to the truth. In any case, our profession of faith is now made plain, and all that is said in the foregoing pages both justifies and explains our editorial policy.

To sum up the idea, with regard to absolute and relative truth, we can only repeat what we said before. *Outside a certain highly spiritual and elevated state of mind, during which Man is at one with the* UNIVERSAL MIND—*he can get nought on earth but relative truth, or truths, from whatsoever philosophy or religion.* Were even the goddess who dwells at the bottom of the well to issue from her place of confinement, she could give man no more than he can assimilate. Meanwhile, every one can sit near that well—the name of which is KNOWLEDGE—and gaze into its depths in the hope of seeing Truth's fair image reflected, at least, on the dark waters. This, however, as remarked by Richter, presents a certain danger. Some truth, to be sure, may be occasionally reflected as in a mirror on the spot we gaze upon, and thus reward the patient student. But, adds the German thinker, "I have heard that some philosophers in seeking for Truth, to pay homage to her, have seen their own image in the water and adored it instead." . . . .

It is to avoid such a calamity—one that has befallen every founder of a religious or philosophical school—that the editors are studiously careful not to offer the reader only those truths which they find reflected in their own personal brains. They offer

the public a wide choice, and refuse to show bigotry and intolerance, which are the chief landmarks on the path of Sectarianism. But, while leaving the widest margin possible for comparison, our opponents cannot hope to find *their faces* reflected on the clear waters of our LUCIFER, without remarks or just criticism upon the most prominent features thereof, if in contrast with theosophical views.

This, however, only within the cover of the public magazine, and so far as regards the merely intellectual aspect of philosophical truths. Concerning the deeper spiritual, and one may almost say religious, beliefs, no true Theosophist ought to degrade these by subjecting them to public discussion, but ought rather to treasure and hide them deep within the sanctuary of his innermost soul. Such beliefs and doctrines should never be rashly given out, as they risk unavoidable profanation by the rough handling of the indifferent and the critical. Nor ought they to be embodied in any publication except as hypotheses offered to the consideration of the thinking portion of the public. Theosophical truths, when they transcend a certain limit of speculation, had better remain concealed from public view, for the "evidence of things not seen" is no evidence save to him who sees, hears, and senses it. It is not to be dragged outside the "Holy of Holies," the temple of the impersonal divine *Ego,* or the indwelling SELF. For, while every fact outside *its* perception can, as we have shown, be, at best, only a relative truth, a ray from the absolute truth can reflect itself only in the pure mirror of its own flame—our highest SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS. And how can the darkness (of illusion) comprehend the LIGHT that shineth in it?

YOGA VIDYA*

By an F. T. S.

. . . Look where we will around us, in every direction the sources of pure spiritual life appear to be either altogether stagnant, or else trickling feebly in shrunken and turbid streams. In religion, in politics, in the arts, in philosophy, in poetry even—wherever the grandest issues of Humanity are at stake, man's spiritual attitude towards them, is one either of hopeless fatigue and disgust, or fierce anarchical impatience. And this is the more deplorable, because it is accompanied by a feverish materialistic activity. Yes, this age of ours is materialist; and perhaps the saddest and dreariest thing in the ever-increasing materialism of the age, is *the ghostly squeaking and gibbering of helpless lamentation made over it by the theologists, who croak about their old dry wells wherein no spiritual life is left.* Meanwhile society appears to be everywhere busily organizing animalism. [LORD LYTTON—in *Fortnightly Review for* 1871.]

His Lordship paints the spiritual darkness of Kali Yug with realistic fidelity. The reading of this paragraph has suggested the making of an effort to bring back to India, to some extent at least,

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the ancient light of Aryávarta. With his lordship's sympathetic co-operation, much would be possible. Let us begin with an attempt at explaining what is the almost forgotten science of Yogism.

No man can understand the meaning of Patanjali's aphorisms of the Yoga Philosophy, who does not perfectly comprehend what the soul and body are and their respective powers. The lucubrations of commentators, for the most part, show that when their author is thinking of one, they fancy he means the other. When he describes how the latent psychical senses and capabilities may be brought out of the bodily prison and given free scope, he appears to them to be using metaphorical terms to express an utopy of physical perceptions and powers. The 'organized animalism' of the 19th century, which Lord Lytton stigmatizes, in the paragraph from the *Fortnightly Review* above quoted—would have totally obliterated, perhaps, our capacity to grasp the sublime idea of Yoga, were it not for the glimpses that the discoveries of Mesmer and Reichenbach and the phenomena of mediumship, have afforded of the nature of the Inner World and the Inner Man. With these helps most of what would be obscure is made plain. These give us definite appreciation of the sure and great results that the *Yogi* ascetic strives for, and obtains by his self-discipline and privations. For this reason, the Theosophical Society insists that its Fellows who would comprehend alike the hidden meaning of ancient philosophies, and the mysteries of our own days, shall first study magnetism, and then enter the 'circle-room' of the spiritualists.

May we not compare the unveiling of the soul's senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, and the awakening of its will-power, which result from Yog training, with that change which comes to the bodily senses and will, when the child emerges from its fœtal home into the outer world? All the physical faculties it will ever exercise were potentially in the babe before birth, but latent. Given scope and exercise, they became developed in proportion to their innate energies—more in some people than in others. How vastly different they are in *posse* and in *esse!* And yet this contrast affords but a very meagre idea of that between the dormant powers of the soul in the man of matter, and the transcendent reach of these same powers in the full-trained Yogi. Rather compare the shining star with a yellow taper. The eye of the body can at best see only a few miles, and its ear hear but what is spoken near by; its feet can carry it but ploddingly along the surface of the ground, a step at a time; and its hands grasp nothing that is more than a yard off. If securely locked in a closet, the body is powerless to effect its deliverance, and can neither see, hear, touch, taste, nor smell what is outside its prison wall. But the unbound soul of the Yogi is limited by neither time nor space; nor obstructed by obstacles; nor prevented from seeing, hearing, feeling or knowing anything it likes, on the instant; no matter how distant or hidden the thing the Yogi would see, feel, hear or know. The soul has potentially, in short, the qualities of

omniscience and omnipotence, and the object of Yoga Vidya is to develope them fully.

We have a great desire that the Yoga philosophy should be familiarized to students of psychology. It is particularly important that spiritualists should know of it; for their numbers are so large that they could, by united action, counteract in large degree the 'organized animalism' that Lord Lytton complains of. Give the century a worthy ideal to aspire to, and it would be less animal: teach it what the soul is, and it will worship the body less. As a commencement in this direction, we begin in this number of the Theosophist, a translation of part of the 15th chapter of the eleventh Skandha of the *Shrimad Bhagavata.* The authorship of this important Sanskrit work is so disputed as by some to be ascribed to Bopadeva, the celebrated grammarian of Bengal, thus giving it an age of only eight centuries, by others to Vyása, author of the other Puranás, and so making it of archaic origin. But either will do; our object being only to show modern psychologists that the science of soul was better understood, ages ago, in India than it is to-day by ourselves. Sanskrit literature teems with proofs of this fact, and it will be our pleasure to lay the evidence supplied to us by our Indian brothers, before the public. Foremost among such writings stand, of course, Patanjali's own philosophical teachings, and these will come later on.

The student of Yoga will observe a great difference in *Siddhis* ('Superhuman faculties,' this is rendered; but not correctly, unless we agree that 'human' shall only mean that which pertains to physical man. 'Psychic faculties' would convey the idea much better: man can do nothing *superhuman,*) that are said to be attainable by Yoga. There is one group which exacts a high training of the spiritual powers; and another group which concerns the lower and coarse, psychic and mental energies. In the *Shrimad Bhagavata,* Krishna says; "He who is engaged in the performance of *Yoga,* who has subdued his senses and who has concentrated his mind in me (Krishna), such Yogis [all] the Siddhis stand ready to serve."

Then Udhava asks: "Oh Achyuta (Infallible One) since thou art the bestower of [all] the Siddhis on the Yogis, pray tell me by what *dháraná** and how, is a Siddhi attained, and how many Siddhis there are." Bhagaván replies: "Those who have transcended the dháraná and yoga say that there are eighteen Siddhis, eight of which contemplate *me* as the chief object of attainment (or are attainable through me), and the [remaining] ten are derivable from the gunas";—the commentator explains—from the preponderance of *satwa gunâ.* These eight superior Siddhis are: *Animâ, Mahimâ, Laghima* [of the body], *Prapti* (attainment by the senses), *Prákáshyama, Ishita, Vashitá,* and an eighth which enables one to attain his every wish. "These," said Krishna, "are my Siddhis." (*To be continued.*)

*Dharana. The intense and perfect concentration of the mind upon one interior object;—accompanied by complete abstraction from things of the external world.

THEOSOPHICAL SYMBOLISM*

THE number 7 has, ever since the Theosophical Society was founded November 17th, 1875, played a prominent part in all its affairs, and, as usual, the symbols which particularly relate or pertain to the Society are in number, seven. They are: first the seal of the Society; second, the serpent biting his tail; third, the gnostic cross near the serpent's head; fourth, the interlaced triangles; fifth, the cruxansata in the centre; sixth, the pin of the Society, composed of a cruxansata entwined by a serpent, forming together T. S.; and seventh, OM the sacred Vedic word.

The seal of the Society contains all of the symbols enumerated, excepting *aum,* and is the synthesis of them. It, in fact, expresses what the Society is itself, and contains, or ought to, in symbolic form, the doctrines which many of its members adhere to.

A symbol to be properly so called, must be contained in the idea or ideas which it is intended to represent. As a symbol of a house could never be the prow of a boat, or the wing of a bird, but must be contained somewhere in the form of the house itself; that is, it must be an actual part chosen to represent or stand for the whole. It need not be the whole, but may be a lower form or species used as the representative of a higher of the same kind. The word is derived from the Greek words meaning *to throw with,* that is to throw together. To be a just and correct symbol, it should be such as that the moment it is seen by one versed in symbolism, its meaning and application become easily apparent. The Egyptians adopted to represent the soul passing back to its source, after the trial in the Hall of Two Truths, a winged globe, for a globe is a symbol of either the Supreme Soul or a portion of it, and the wings were added to represent its life and flight to the upper spheres. In another branch of their symbology they represented justice by a scale which gives a just balance; while even there in the Hall of Two Truths, they reverted again to the other mode and symbolized the man being weighed by justice, in the form of his heart over against the feather of truth in the opposite pan of the scales.

There is one very curious hieroglyph of the Egyptians which deserves some study by those of curious mind. Here we will merely point it out, remarking that there is a mine of great value in the Egyptian method of picturing their ideas of the macrocosm. In one of the numerous papyri now in the British Museum, there is a picture of a globe being held up by a beetle by means of his head and two fore legs, while he is standing upon a sort of pedestal which has certain divisions, looking on the whole, like a section of an hour glass crossed by horizontal lines that project from each side. This pedestal represents stability; but what does the whole mean or shadow forth? Those who can follow up suggestions should direct their thoughts to the relation which the Sun bears to the earth in its orbital revolution.

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To proceed with our analysis: The second symbol is, the serpent biting his tail. This is wisdom, and eternity. It is eternity, because that has neither beginning nor end and therefore the ring is formed by serpent swallowing his tail. There is an old hermetic symbol similar to this, in which the circle is formed by two serpents interlaced and each swallowing the tail of the other one. No doubt the symbolism in that is, in respect to the duality of the manifested All, and hence, two serpents inextricably entwined.

Furthermore, the scales of the reptiles form the figures of facettes or diamonds, which shadow forth the illimitable diversity of the aspects of wisdom or truth. This is not due to any want of coherence or congruity in truth itself, but solely to the diverse views which each individual takes of the one Truth. These reflecting facettes are the beings composing the macrocosm: each one has developed himself only to a certain degree, and therefore can only appreciate and reflect that amount of wisdom which has fallen to his lot. As he passes again and again through the form of man, he slowly develops other various powers of appreciating more truth, and so at the last may become one with the whole—the perfect man, able to know and to feel completely his union with all. This is when he has acquired the highest Yoga. So in our experience and in history and ethnology we find individuals, nations and races, whose want of responsiveness to certain ideas, and others whose power to grasp them, can only be explained by the doctrines of Re-incarnation and Karma. If those doctrines are not accepted, there is no escape from a blank negation.

It is not necessary to express the duality of the Supreme Soul by two serpents, because in the third component part of the Seal, elsewhere, that is symbolized by the interlaced triangles. One of these is white, that one with the point uppermost, and the other is black with its apex directed downward. They are intertwined because the dual nature of the Supreme, while in manifestation, is not separate in its parts. Each atom of matter, so called, has also its atom of spirit. This is what the *Bagavad-Gita** denominates Purusha and Prakriti, and Krishna there says that he is at once Purusha and Prakriti, he is alike the very best and the very worst of men. These triangles also mean, "the manifested universe." It is one of the oldest and most beautiful of symbols, and can be discovered among all nations, not only those now inhabiting the earth, but also in the monuments, carvings and other remains of the great races who have left us the gigantic structures now silent as far as the voice of man is concerned, but resounding with speech for those who care to listen. They seem to be full of ideas turned into stone.

The triangles thus combined form in the interior space, a six sided plane figure. This is the manifested world. Six is the number of the world, and 666 is the great mystery which is related to the symbol. St. John talks of this number. Around the six sided centre are the six triangles projecting into the spiritual world, and touch-

* Bagavad-Gita, ch. 13; id. ch. 10.

ing the enclosed serpent of wisdom. In an old book, this is made by the great head of the Lord rising above the horizon of the ocean of matter, with the arms just raised so that they make the upper half of the triangle. This is the "long face," or macrocoscopos, as it is called. As it rises slowly and majestically, the placid water below reflects it in reverse, and thus makes the whole double triangle. The lower one is dark and forbidding in its aspect, but at the same time the upper part of the darker one is itself light, for it is formed by the majestic head of this Adam Kadmon. Thus they shade into one another. And this is a perfect symbolism, for it clearly figures the way in which day shades into night, and evil into good. In ourselves we find both, or as the Christian St. Paul says, the natural and spiritual man are always together warring against each other, so that what we would do we cannot, and what we desire not to be guilty of, the darker half of man compels us to do. But ink and paper fails us in the task of trying to elucidate this great symbol. Go to Hermes, to St. John, the Caballah, the Hindu books, wherever you please, and there will you find the seven times seven meanings of the interlaced triangles.

OM is the Sacred Vedic syllable: let us repeat it with a thought directed to its true meaning.*

Within the small circle, placed upon the serpent, is a cross with its ends turned back. This is called the Gnostic Cross. It signifies evolution, among other ideas, for the turning back of its ends is caused by the revolving of the two diametres of the circle. The vertical diametre is the spirit moving down and bisecting the horizontal. This completed, the revolution round the great circle commences, and that motion is represented in the symbol by the ends turned back. In Chapter III. of *Bagavad-Gita,* Krishna says: "He who in this life does not cause this cycle, thus already revolved, to continue revolving lives to no purpose, a life of sin, indulging his senses." That is, we must assist the great wheel of evolution and not oppose it; we must try to help in the great work of returning to the source from whence we came, and constantly endeavor to convert lower nature into higher, not only that of ourselves, but also of our fellow men and of the whole animated world.

This cross is also the symbol of the Hindu Chakkra, or discus, of Vishnu. In the Mahabharata is described the conflict between the Asuras and Devas, for the possession of the vase of Amreeta which had been churned with infinite trouble, from the ocean, and which the Asuras desired to take for themselves. The conflict began when *Rahu,* an Asura, assuming the form of a Deva, began drinking the ambrosia. In this case the Amreeta was spiritual wisdom, material existence, immortality, and also magic power. The deceit of *Rahu* was discovered before he had swallowed, and then the battle began.

"In the midst of this dreadful hurry and confusion of the fight, *Nar* and *Narayan* entered the field together. *Narayan* beholding a

* Path, No. 1, p. 24.

celestial bow in the hands of *Nar*, it reminded him of his Chakkra, the destroyer of the Asuras. The faithful weapon, ready at the mind's call, flew down from heaven with direct and refulgent speed, beautiful, yet terrible to behold. And being arrived, glowing like the sacrificial flame, and spreading terror around, *Narayan* with his right arm formed like the elephantine trunk, hurled forth the ponderous orb, the speedy messenger, and glorious ruin of hostile towns, who raging like the final all destroying fire, shot bounding with desolating force, killing thousands of the Asuras in his rapid flight, burning and involving, like the lambent flame, and cutting down all that would oppose him. Anon he climbeth the heavens from whence he came." (Mahabharata, Book I, Chap 15.)

Ezekiel, of the Jews, saw this wheel, when he was among the captives by the river Chebar in Chaldea. In a vision he saw the four beasts and the man of the Apocalypse, and with them "for each of the four faces," was a wheel, of the colour of a beryl; it was "as a wheel within a wheel," and they went wherever the living creatures went, "for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels." All of this appeared terrible to him, for he says: "And when they went I heard a noise like the noise of great waters, like the voice of the Almighty, a noise of tumult like the noise of a host."

There are many other meanings concealed in this symbol, as in all the others.

In the center of the interlaced triangles is placed the *Crux-ansata*. This is also extremely ancient. In the old Egyptian papyri it is frequently found. It signifies life. As Isis stands before the candidate, or the soul, upon his entry, she holds in one hand this cross, while he holds up his hand that he may not look upon her face. In another there is winged figure, whose wings are attached to the arms, and in each hand is held the same cross. Among other things we find here the horizontal and vertical diameters once more, but conjoined with the circle placed on top. This is the same as the old astrological sign for Venus. But in the seal, its chief and most important meaning is *the regenerated man*. Here in the centre, after passing the different degrees and cycles, both spirit and matter are united in the intelligent regenerated man, who stands in the middle knowing all things in the manifested universe. He has triumphed over death and holds the cross of life.

The last theosophical symbol is, the pin of the Society, adopted early in its history but not used much. It is the cross we have just been considering, entwined in such a way by a serpent, that the combination makes T S as a monogram.

The foregoing is not exhaustive. Every symbol should have seven meanings of principal value, and out of every one of those we have been considering can be drawn that number of significations. Intelligent study of them will be beneficial, for when a consistent symbol, embodying many ideas is found and meditated upon, the thought or view of the symbol brings up each idea at once before the mind.

NILAKANT.

THE CURE OF DISEASES*

MORTAL ills and the needs of the stomach rank next after the instinct of self-preservation among all the subjects which engage the attention of the race. If we do not go on living we cannot do the work we think there is to do; if we remain hungry we will lose the power to work properly or to enjoy, and at last come to the door of death. From bad or scanty food follows a train of physical ills called generally disease. Disease reaches us also through too much food. So in every direction these ills attack us; even when our feeding is correct and sufficient it is found that we fall a prey because our Karma, settled by ourselves in some previous life, ordains that we enter on this one handicapped by the hereditary taint due to the wickedness or the errors of our fathers and mothers. And the records of science show that the taint in the blood or the lymph may jump over many lives, attacking with virulence some generation distant very far from the source. What wonder, then, that the cure of disease is an all-absorbing subject with every one! The Christian knows that it is decreed by Almighty God that He will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generation, and the non-believer sees that by some power in nature the penalty is felt even so far.

All of this has given to the schools of mental and so-called "metaphysical" healing a strong pull on the fears, the feelings, the wishes, and the bodies of those to whom they address themselves, and especially in the United States. That there is more attention given to the subject in America seems true to those who have been on the other side of the Atlantic and noticed how small is the proportion of people there who know anything about the subject. But in the United States in every town many can be found who know about these schools and practise after their methods. Why it has more hold here can be left to conjecture, as the point under consideration is why it has any hold at all. It is something like patent medicine. Offer a cure to people for their many ills, and they will take it up; offer it cheap, and they will use it; offer it as an easy method, and they will rush for it under certain conditions. Metaphysical healing is easy for some because it declares, first, that no money need be paid to doctors for medicine; second, that medical fluids and drugs may be dispensed with; and third, that it is easily learned and practised. The difficulties that arise out of the necessities of logic are not present for those who never studied it, but are somewhat potent with those who reason correctly;—but that is not usual for the general run of minds. They see certain effects

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and accept the assumed cause as the right one. But many persons will not even investigate the system, because they think it requires them to postulate the non-existence of that which they see before their eyes. The statements quoted from the monthly *Christian Science* in March PATH[1] are bars in the way of such minds. If they could be induced to just try the method offered for cure, belief might result, for effects indeed often follow. But the popular mind is not in favor of "mind cure", and more prominence is given in the daily papers to cases of death under it than to cures. And very full reports always appear of a case such as one in March, where "faith curers", in order to restore life, went to praying over the dead body of one of the members of a believing family.

During a recent tour over this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back, I had the opportunity of meeting hundreds of disciples of these schools, and found in nearly all cases that they were not addicted to logic but calmly ignored very plain propositions, satisfied that if cures were accomplished the cause claimed must be the right one, and almost without exception they denied the existence of evil or pain or suffering. There was a concurrence of testimony from all to show that the dominant idea in their minds was the cure of their bodily ills and the continuance of health. The accent was not on the beauty of holiness or the value to them and the community of a right moral system and right life, but on the cure of their diseases. So the conclusion has been forced home that all these schools exist because people desire to be well more than they desire to be good, although they do not object to goodness if that shall bring wholeness.

And, indeed, one does not have to be good to gain the benefit of the teachings. It is enough to have confidence, to assert boldly that this does not exist and that that has no power to hurt one. I do not say the teachers of the "science" agree with me herein, but only that whether you are good or bad the results will follow the firm practice of the method enjoined, irrespective of the ideas of the teachers.

For in pure mind-cure as compared with its congener "Christian Science", you do not have to believe in Jesus and the gospels, yet the same results are claimed, for Jesus taught that whatever you prayed for with faith, that you should have.

Scientific research discloses that the bodies of our race are infected with taints that cause nearly all of our diseases, and school after school of medicine has tried and still tries to find the remedy that will dislodge the foulness in the blood. This is scientific, since it seeks the real physical cause; metaphysical healing says it cures, but cannot prove that the cause is destroyed and not merely palliated. That there is some room for doubt history shows us, for none will deny that many a pure thinking and acting pair have brought forth children who displayed some taint derived from a

[1] See *"Affirmations and Denials,"* reprinted in *Theosophy* for April, 1914.

distant ancestor. Evidently the pure individual thoughts had no power over the great universal development of the matter used by those human bodies.

Turning now to medicine, we find the Italian Count Mattei promulgating a system of cure by the homœpathic use of subtle vegetable essences which may well give pause to those who would make universal the curing by faith or mind alone. Some of his liquids will instantly stop violent pain, restore sight, give back hearing, and dissipate abnormal growths. His globules will make a drunken man sober, and, given to the nurse who suckles a babe, will cure the child who takes the milk. The drunkard and the child do not think about or have faith in the remedies, yet they cure. Is it not better to restore health by physical means and leave the high teachings of the healers, all taken from well known sources, for the benefit of our moral nature?

And if Christian healers read these lines, should they not remember that when the prophet restored the widow's son he used physical means—his own magnetism applied simultaneously to every member of the child's body, and Jesus, when the woman who touched his garment was cured, lost a portion of his vitality—not his thoughts—for he said "virtue" had gone out from him? The Apostle also gave directions that if any were sick the others should assemble about the bed and anoint with oil, laying on their hands meanwhile: simply physical therapeutics following a long line of ancient precedent dating back to Noah. Moses taught how to cure diseases and to disinfect places where contagion lurked. It was not by using the high power of thought, but by processes deemed by him to be effectual, such as sprinkling blood of animals slaughtered in peculiar circumstances. Without declaring for or against his methods, it is very certain that he supposed by these means subtle forces of a physical nature would be liberated and brought to bear on the case in hand.

The mass of testimony through the ages is against healing physical ills by the use of the higher forces in nature, and the reason, once well known but later on forgotten, is the one given in the article of January, 1892,[2]—that diseases are gross manifestations showing themselves on their way out of the nature so that one may be purified. To arrest them through thought ignorantly directed is to throw them back into their cause *and replant them in their mental plane.*

This is the true ground of our objection to metaphysical healing practices, which we distinguish from the assumptions and so-called philosophy on which those methods are claimed to stand. For we distinctly urge that the effects are not brought about by any philosophical system whatever, but by the practical though ignorant use of psycho-physiological processes.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

[2] See *"Of Metaphysical Healing,"* reprinted in *Theosophy* for April, 1914.

ON PSEUDO-THEOSOPHY*

"The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of devotion."
—LAVATER.

"The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself."
—THALES.

SHALL WE WINNOW THE CORN, BUT FEED UPON THE CHAFF?

THE presiding genius in the *Daily News* Office runs amuck at LUCIFER in his issue of February 16th. He makes merry over the presumed distress of some theosophists who see in our serial novel, "The Talking Image of Urur"—by our colleague, Dr. F. Hartmann—an attempt to poke fun at the Theosophical Society. Thereupon, the witty editor quizzes "Madame Blavatsky" for observing that she "does not agree with the view" taken by some pessimists; and ends by expressing fear that "the misgivings that have been awakened will not easily be laid to rest."

Ride, si sapis. It is precisely because it is our desire that the "misgivings" awakened should reach those in whom the sense of *personality* and *conceit* has not yet entirely stifled their better feelings, and force them to recognize themselves in the mirror offered to them in the "Talking Image," that we publish the "satirical" novel.

This proceeding of ours—rather unusual, to be sure, for editors—to publish a satire, which *seems* to the short-sighted to be aimed at their gods and parties only because they are unable to sense the underlying philosophy and moral in them, has created quite a stir in the dailies.

The various Metropolitan Press Cutting Agencies are pouring every morning on our breakfast-table their load of criticism, advice, and comment upon the rather novel policy. So, for instance, a kindly-disposed correspondent of the *Lancashire Evening Post* (February 18) writes as follows:—

The editor of LUCIFER has done a bold thing. She is publishing a story called "The Talking Image of Urur," which is designed to satirise the false prophets of Theosophy in order that the true prophets may be justified. I appreciate the motive entirely, but, unfortunately, there are weak-minded theosophists who can see nothing in Dr. Hartmann's spirited tale but a caricature of their whole belief. So they have remonstrated with Madame Blavatsky, and she replies in LUCIFER that "the story casts more just ridicule upon the enemies and detractors of the Theosophic Society than upon the few theosophists whose enthusiasm may have carried them into extremes." Unfortunately, this is not strictly accurate. The hero of the tale, a certain Pancho, is one of these enthusiasts, and it is upon him and upon the mock "adepts" who deceive him that the ridicule is thrown. But it never seems to have occurred

* This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for March, 1889.

to Madame Blavatsky and Dr. Hartmann that the moment you begin to ridicule one element, even though it be a false element, in the faith, you are apt to shake the confidence of many if not most believers, for the simple reason that they have no sense of humour. The high priestess of the cult may have this sense for obvious reasons,* but her disciples are likely to be lost if they begin to laugh, and if they can't laugh they will be bewildered and indignant. I offer this explanation with all humility to Madame Blavatsky, who has had some experience of the effects of satire.

The more so as, according to those members of the T. S. who have read the whole story, it is precisely "Madame Blavatsky" against whom its *satire* is the most directed. And if "Mme. Blavatsky"—presumably "the Talking Image"—does not object to finding herself represented as a kind of *mediumistic* poll parrot, why should other "theosophists" object? A theosophist above all men ought ever to bear in mind the advice of Epictetus: "If evil be said of thee, *and if it be true*, correct thyself; if it be a lie, *laugh at it.*" We welcome a *witty* satire always, and defy ridicule or any efforts in this direction to kill the Theosophical Society, so long as it, *as a body*, remains true to its *original* principles.

As to the other dangers so kindly urged by the *Post*, the "high priestess" acknowledges the benevolent objections by answering and giving her reasons, which are these: The chosen motto of the Theosophical Society has been for years—"There is no religion *higher than truth*"; the object of LUCIFER is in the epigraph on its cover, which is "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." If the editor of LUCIFER and the Theosophists would not belie these two propositions and be true to their colours, they have to deal with perfect impartiality, sparing no more themselves than outsiders, or even their enemies. As to the "weak-minded theosophists" —if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. If the "false prophets of Theosophy" are to be left untouched, the *true* prophets will be very soon—as they have already been—confused with the false. It is nigh time to winnow our corn and cast away the chaff. The T. S. is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders (*e.g.*, the "H. B. of L.," exposed in Yorkshire by Theosophists two years ago, and the "G. N. K. R." just exposed in America), or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone, then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent in destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams. We do not believe in allowing the presence of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter "is apt to shake the confidence" in the whole. At this rate Christianity would be the first to die out centuries ago under the sledge-hammer blows dealt to its various churches by its many reformers. No philosopher, no mystic or

* The "obvious reasons" so delicately worded are these: "the high priestess of the cult" is almost universally supposed, outside of the T. S., to have exercised her own satirical powers and "sense of humour" on her *alleged* and numerous victims by *bamboozling* them into a belief *of her own invention*. So be it. The tree is known by its fruits, and it is posterity which will have to decide on the nature of the fruit.—[ED.]

student of symbolism, can ever laugh at or disbelieve in the sublime allegory and conception of the "Second Advent"—whether in the person of Christ, Krishna, Sosiosh, or Buddha. The *Kalki Avatar*, or last (not "second") Advent, to wit, the appearance of the "Saviour of Humanity" or the "Faithful" *light of Truth*, on the White Horse of Death—death to falsehood, illusion, and idol, or *self*-worship—is a universal belief. Shall we for all that abstain from denouncing the behaviour of certain "Second Adventists" (as in America)? What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgracing their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers? Can any of them praise his co-religionists for climbing periodically, in a state of paradisiacal *decolleté*, on the top of their houses, trees, and high places, there to await the "advent?" No doubt those who hope by stealing a march on their slower Brethren to find themselves hooked up the first, and carried *bodily* into Heaven, are as good Christians as any. Should they not be rebuked for their folly all the same? Strange logic!

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempts of various charlatans to profit by a ready-made programme. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. Some writer remarked that if one would know the enemy against whom he has to guard himself the most, the looking-glass will give him the best likeness of his face. This is quite true. If the first object of our Society be not to study one's own self, but to find fault with all except that self, then, indeed, the T. S. is doomed to become—and it already has in certain centres—a Society for mutual *admiration*; a fit subject for the satire of so acute an observer as we know the author of "The Talking Image of Urur" to be. This is our view and our policy. "And be it, indeed, that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself."

That such, however, is the policy of no other paper we know of—whether a daily, a weekly, a monthly, or a quarterly—we are quite aware. But, then, they are the public organs of the masses. Each has to pander to this or that other faction of politics or Society, and is doomed "to howl with the wolves," whether it likes or not. But our organs—Lucifer pre-eminently—are, or ought to be, the phonographs, so to speak, of the Theosophical Society, a body which is placed outside and beyond all centres of forced policy. We are painfully conscious that "he who tells the truth is turned out of nine cities"; that truth is unpalatable to most men; and that—since men must learn *to love the truth* before they thoroughly believe it—the

truths we utter in our magazine are often as bitter as gall to many. This cannot be helped. Were we to adopt any other kind of policy, not only LUCIFER—a very humble organ of Theosophy—but the Theosophical Society itself, would soon lose all its *raison d'être* and become an anomaly.

But "who shall sit in the seat of the scorner?" Is it the timid in heart, who tremble at every opinion too boldly expressed in LUCIFER lest it should displease this faction of readers or give offence to that other class of subscribers? Is it the "self-admirers," who resent every remark, however kindly expressed, if it happens to clash with *their* notions, or fails to show respect to *their* hobbies?

> " . . . . I am Sir Oracle
> And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

Surely we learn better and profit more by criticism than by flattery, and we amend our ways more through the abuse of our enemies than the blind pandering of friends. Such satires as the "Fallen Idol," and such chelas as Nebelsen, have done more good to our Society, and certain of its members, than any "theosophical" novel; for they have shown up and touched *au vif* the foolish exaggerations of more than one enthusiast.

Self abnegation is possible only to those who have learnt to know themselves; to such as will never mistake *the echo of their own inner voice—that of selfish desire or passion—for the voice of divine inspiration, or an appeal from their* MASTER. Nor is *chelaship* consonant with mediumistic sensitiveness and its hallucinations; and therefore all the *sensitives* who have hitherto forced themselves into discipleship have generally made fools of themselves, and, sooner or later, thrown ridicule upon the T. S. But after the publication of the "Fallen Idol" more than one such exhibition was stopped. "The Talking Image of Urur" may then render the same, if not better, service. If some traits in its various *dramatis personae* fit in some particulars certain members who still belong to the Society, other characters—and the most successful of them—resemble rather certain Ex-members; fanatics, in the past, bitter enemies now—conceited fools at all times. Furthermore "Puffer" is a compound and very vivid photograph. It *may* be that of several members of the T. S., but it looks also like a deluded victim of other bogus Esoteric and Occult Societies. One of such just sprung up at Boston U. S. A., is now being nipped in the bud and exposed by our own Theosophists.

These are the "Solar adepts" spoken of in our January editorial, the *âmes damnées* of shameful commercial enterprises. No event could vindicate the policy of our journal better than the timely exposure of the *pseudo*-adepts, those "Sages of the Ages" who bethought themselves of trading upon the public hunger for the marvellous *ad absurdum*. We did well to speak of them in the editorial as we have. It was timely and lucky for us to have pointed to the ring leaders of that shameful speculation—the sale of bogus

occult knowledge. For we have averted thereby a great and new danger to the Society—namely that of unscrupulous charlatans being taken for Theosophists. Misled by their lies and their publications filled with terms from Eastern philosophy and with ideas they had bodily stolen from us only to disfigure and misapply them—the American press has already referred to them as Theosophists. Whether out of sheer flippancy, or actual malice, some dailies have headed their sensational articles with "Theosophic Knaves," and "Pantognomostic Theosophs," etc, etc. This is pure fiction. The editor of the "Esoteric" had never been at any time a member of our society, or of any of its numerous Branches. "Adhy-Apaka, *alias* the Hellenic Ethnomedon and Enphoron, *alias* the Greco-Tibetan, *Ens-movens* Om *mane padmi* Aum" (*sic*) was our enemy from the beginning of his career. As impudently stated by him to a reporter, we theosophists hated him for his "many virtues!" Nor has the Sage "bent under the weight of centuries," the Vidya Nyaika, said to be represented by a person called Eli Ohmart, had anything to do with the T. S. The two worthies had, like two venomous wily spiders, spread their webs far and wide, and numerous are the Yankee flies caught in them. But thanks to the energy of some of our Boston Members, the two hideous desecrators of Eastern philosophy are exposed. In the words of the "Boston Globe," this is the—

"WEIRD TALE WHICH MAY HAVE A SEQUEL IN COURT."

"If there are no arrests made, I shall go right on with the work; but if they make trouble, I shall stay and face the music."

Hiram Erastus Butler, the esoteric philosopher of 478 Shawmut avenue, uttered the foregoing sentiment to a Globe reporter last evening as calmly as one would make a casual remark about the weather.

Thereby hangs a tale, a long, complicated, involuted, weird, mystical, scientific, hysterical tale—a tale of love and intrigue, of adventure, of alleged and to some extent of admitted swindling, of charges of a horrible and unspeakable immorality, of communion with embodied and disembodied spirits, and especially of money. In short, a tale that would make your head weary and your heart faint if you attempted to follow out all its labyrinthine details and count the cogs on its wheels within wheels. A tale that quite possibly may find its sequel in the courts, where judge, jury, and counsel will have a chance to cudgel their brains over almost every mystery in the known universe."

These are the *heroes* whom certain timid Theosophists—those who raised their voices against the publication of the "Talking Image of Urur—" advised us to leave alone. Had it not been for that unwillingness to expose even impersonal things and deeds, our editorial would have been more explicit. Far from us be the desire to "attack" or "expose" even our enemies, so long as they harm only ourselves, personally and individually. But here the whole of the Theosophical body—already so maligned, opposed, and persecuted—was endangered, and its destinies were hanging in the balance, because of that impudent *pseudo* esoteric speculation. He, therefore, who maintains in the face of the Boston scandal, that

we did not act rightly in tearing off the sanctimonious mask of Pecksniffian piety and the "Wisdom of the Ages" which covered the grimacing face of a most bestial immorality, of insatiable greediness for lucre and impudence, fire, water, and police proof—is no true Theosophist. How minds, even of an average intelligence, could be caught by such transparent snares as these publicly exhibited by the two worthies, to wit: Adhy-Apaka and Vidya Nyaika—traced by the American press to one Hiram E. Butler and Eli Ohmart—passes all comprehension! Suffice to read the pamphlet issued by the two confederates, to see at the first glance that it was a mere repetition—more enlarged and barefaced, and with a wider, bolder programme, still a repetition—of the now defunct "H. B. of L" with its mysterious appeals of four year ago to the "Dissatisfied" with "the Theosophical Mahatmas." The two hundred pages of the wildest balderdash constitute their "Appeal from the Unseen and the Unknown" and the "Interior of the Inmost" (?) to "the Awakened." *Pantognomos* and *Ekphoron* offer to teach the unwary "the laws of ENS, MOVENS, and OM," and appeal for money. *Vidya Nyaika* and *Ethnomedon* propose to initiate the ignorant into the "*á priori Sambudhistic* (?) philosophy of Kapila" and—beg for hard cash. The story is so sickening that we dislike to stain our pages with its details. But now to the moral of the fable.

YE SPURNED THE SUBSTANCE AND HAVE CLUTCHED THE SHADOW.

For fourteen years our Theosophical Society has been before the public. Born with the three-fold object of infusing a little more mutual brotherly feeling in mankind; of investigating the mysteries of nature from the Spiritual and Psychic aspect; and, of doing a tardy justice to the civilizations and Wisdom of Eastern pre-Christian nations and literature, if it did not do all the good that a richer Society might, it certainly did no harm. It appealed only to those who found no help for their perplexities anywhere else. To those lost in the psychic riddles of Spiritualism, or such, again, as, unable to stand the morbid atmosphere of modern unbelief, and seeking light in vain from the unfathomable mysteries taught by the theology of the thousand and one Christian sects, had given up all hope of solving any of the problems of life. There was no entrance fee during the first two years of the Society's existence; afterwards, when the correspondence and postage alone demanded hundreds of pounds a year, new members had to pay £1 for their diploma. Unless one wanted to support the movement, one could remain a Fellow all his life without being asked for a penny, and two-thirds of our members have never put their hand in their pocket, nor were they asked to do so. Those who supported the cause were from the first a few devoted Theosophists who laboured without conditions or any hope for reward. Yet no association was more insulted and laughed at than was the Theosophical Society. No members of any body were spoken of in more contemptuous terms than the

Fellows of the T. S. from the first. The Society was born in America, and therefore it was regarded in England with disfavour and suspicion. We were considered as fools and knaves, victims and frauds before the benevolent interference of the Psychic Research Society, which tried to build its reputation on the downfall of Theosophy and Spiritualism, but really harmed neither. Nevertheless, when our enemies got the upper hand, and by dint of slander and inventions had most maliciously succeeded in placing before the credulous public, ever hungry for scandals and sensations, *mere conjectures as undeniable and proven facts,* it was the American press which became the most bitter in its denunciations of Theosophy, and the American public the most willing to drink in and giggle over the undeserved calumnies upon the Founders of the T. S. Yet it is they who were the first told, through our Society, of the actual existence of Eastern Adepts in Occult Sciences. But both the English and the American spurned and scoffed at the very idea, while even the Spiritualists and Mystics, who ought to have known better, would, with a few exceptions, have nothing to do with *heathen* Masters of Wisdom. The latter were, they maintained, "*invented* by the Theosophists:" it was all "moonshine." For these "Masters," whom no member was ever asked to accept, unless he liked to do so himself, on whose behalf *no supernatural claim was ever made,* unless, perhaps, in the too ardent imagination of enthusiasts; these Masters who *gave* to, and often *helped* with money, poor Theosophists, but never asked anything of the rich—these MASTERS *were too much like real men.* They neither claimed to be gods nor spirits, nor did they pander to people's gush and sentimental creeds. And now those Americans have got at last what their hearts yearned for: a bonâ fide ideal of an adept and magician. A creature several thousand years old. A *true-blue* "Buddhist-Brahmin" who appeals to Jehovah, or *Jahveh,* speaks of Christ and the Messianic cycle, and blesses them with an AMEN and an "OM MANE PADMI HUM" in the same breath, relieving them at the same time of 40,000 dollars before they are a month old in their worship of him . . . . *Wullahy!* Allah is great and—"Vidya Nyaika" is his only prophet. Indeed we feel little pity for the victims. What is the *psychology* that some Theosophists are accused of exercising over their victims in comparison with this? And this necessitates a few words of explanation.

IGNORANCE NOT ALTOGETHER BLISS.

All know that there is a tacit, often openly-expressed, belief among a few of the Fellows of the T. S. that a certain prominent Theosophist among the leaders of the Society *psychologizes* all those who happen to come within the area of that individual's influence. Dozens, nay, hundreds, were, and still are, "psychologized." The hypnotic effect seems so strong as to virtually transform all such "unfortunates" into irresponsible nincompoops, mere cyphers and tools of that theosophical Circe. This idiotic belief was

originally started by some "wise men" of the West. Unwilling to admit that the said person had either any knowledge or *powers,* bent on discrediting their victim, and yet unable to explain certain abnormal occurrences, they hit upon this happy and *logical* loophole to get out of their difficulties. The theory found a grateful and fruitful soil. Henceforth, whenever any Fellows connected theosophically with the said "psychologizer" happen to disagree in their views upon questions, metaphysical or even purely administrative, with some other member—"on despotism bent," forthwith the latter comes out with the favourite solution: "Oh, they are psychologized!" The *magic* WORD springs out on the arena of discussion like a Jack-in-a-box, and forthwith the attitude of the "rebels" is explained and plausibly accounted for.

Of course the alleged "psychology" has really no existence outside the imagination of those who are too vain to allow any opposition to *their* all-wise and autocratic decrees on any other ground than phenomenal—nay, *magical*—interference with their will. A short analysis of the Karmic effects that would be produced by the exercise of such powers may prove interesting to theosophists.

Even on the terrestrial, purely physical plane, moral irresponsibility ensures impunity. Parents are answerable for their children, tutors and guardians for their pupils and wards, and even the Supreme Courts have admitted extenuating circumstances for criminals who are proved to have been led to crime by a will or influences stronger than their own. How much more forcibly this law of simple retributive justice must act on the psychic plane; and what, therefore, may be the responsibility incurred by using such psychological powers, in the face of Karma and its punitive laws, may be easily inferred. Is it not evident that, if even human justice recognizes the impossibility of punishing an irrational idiot, a child, a minor, etc., taking into account even hereditary causes and bad family influences—that the divine Law of Retribution, which we call KARMA, must visit with hundredfold severity one who deprives reasonable, thinking men of their *free will* and powers of ratiocination? From the occult standpoint, the charge is simply one of black magic, of *envoûtement.* Alone a *Dugpa,* with "Avitchi" yawning at the further end of his life cycle, could risk such a thing. Have those so prompt to hurl the charge at the head of persons in their way, ever understood the whole terrible meaning implied in the accusation? We doubt it. No occultist, no intelligent student of the mysterious laws of the "night side of Nature," no one who knows anything of Karma, would ever suggest such an explanation. What adept or even a moderately-informed chela would ever risk an endless future by interfering with, and therefore *taking upon himself, the Karmic debit of all those whom he would so psychologize as to make of them merely the tools of his own sweet will!*

This fact seems so evident and palpably flagrant, that it is absurd to have to recall it to those who boast of knowing *all* about Karma.

Is it not enough to bear the burden of the knowledge that from birth to death, the least, the most unimportant, unit of the human family exercises an influence over, and receives in his turn, as unconsciously as he breathes, that of every other unit whom he approaches, or who comes in contact with him? Each of us either adds to or diminishes the sum total of human happiness and human misery, "not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity," as shown so ably by Elihu Burritt, who says:—

"There is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, from which he (man) can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt—everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity.* Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others'? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity* with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life."

These are the words of a profound thinker. And if the simple fact of our living changes the sum of human weal and woe—in a way for which we are, owing to our ignorance, entirely irresponsible—what must be the Karmic decree in the matter of influencing hundreds of people by an act perpetrated and carried on for years in premeditation *and the full consciousness* of what we are doing!

Verily the man or woman in the unconscious possession of such dangerous powers had much better never be born. The Occultist who exercises them consciously will be caught up by the whirlwind of successive rebirths, without even an hour of rest. Woe to him, then, in that ceaseless, dreary series of terrestrial *Avitchis;* in that interminable æon of torture, suffering, and despair, during which, like the squirrel doomed to turn the wheel at every motion, he will launch from one life of misery into another, only to awake each time with a fresh burden of other people's Karma, which he will have drawn upon himself! Is it not enough, indeed, to be regarded as "frauds, cranks, and infidels," by the outsiders, without being identified with *wizards* and *witches* by our own members!

THE GENUS "INFIDEL" AND ITS VARIETIES.

It is true to say that the varieties of infidels are many, and that one "infidel" differs from another infidel as a Danish boarhound differs from the street mongrel. A man may be the most heterodox infidel with regard to orthodox dogmas. Yet, provided he proclaims himself loudly a Christian, that heterodoxy—when even going to the length of saying that "revealed religion is an imposture"—will be regarded by some as simply "of that exalted kind which rises above all human forms."[1]

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* *Devachan,* rather; the *entr'acte* between two incarnations.

[1] *Vide* Lady Grant Duff's article "Laurence Oliphant" in the *"Contemporary Review"* for February: pages 185 and 188.

A "Christian" of such a kind may—as the late Laurence Oliphant has—give vent to a still more startling theory. He may affirm that he considers that "from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. (Lake) Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar,"* and still remain a Christian of an "*exalted* kind" in the sight of the "Upper Ten." But let an "infidel" of the Theosophical Society say *just the same* (*minus* the absurdity of including the American Lake Harris in the list of the *Avatars*), and no contumely heaped upon him by clergy and servile newspapers will ever be found too strong!

But this belongs properly to the paradoxes of the Age; though the *Avataric* idea has much to do with Karma and rebirth, and that belief in reincarnation has nothing in it that can militate against the teachings of Christ. We affirm, furthermore, that the great Nazarene Adept distinctly taught it. So did Paul and the Synoptics, and nearly all the earliest Church Fathers, with scarcely an exception, accepted it, while some actually taught the doctrine.

DO NOT START TWO HARES AT ONCE.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and Karma acts along every line, on nations as on men. The Japanese Mikado is tottering towards his end for having played too long at *hide and seek* with his worshippers. Hundreds of shrewd Americans have been taken in through disbelieving in truths and lending a too credulous ear to bold lies. A French abbé has fallen under Karmic penalty for coquetting too openly with Theosophy, and attempted to mirror himself, like a modern clerical Narcissus, in the too deep waters of Eastern Occultism. The Abbé Roca, an honourary *chanoine* (canon) in the diocese of Peripagnan, our old friend and irrepressible adversary in the French *Lotus* a year ago—has come to grief. Yet his ambition was quite an innocent one, if rather difficult of realization. It was founded on a dream of his; a reconciliation between Pantheistic Theosophy and a Socialistic Latin Church, with a fancy Pope at the head of it. He longed to see the Masters of Wisdom of old India and Eastern Occultism under the sway of Rome *regenerated,* and amused himself with predicting the same. Hence a frantic race between his meridional phantasy and the clerical bent of his thought. Poor, eloquent abbé! Did he not already perceive the Kingdom of Heaven in the new Rome-Jerusalem? A new Pontiff seated on a throne made out of the *cranium* of Macroprosopus, with the *Zohar* in his right pocket, *Chochmah,* the male Sephiroth (transformed by the good abbé into the Mother of God), in his left, and a "Lamb" stuffed with dynamite, in the paternal Popish embrace. The "Wise Men" of the East were even now, he said, crossing the Himalayas, and, "led by the Star" of Theosophy, would soon be worshipping at the shrine of the reformed Pope and Lamb. It was a glorious dream—alas, still

* *Ibid.* Quoted from Sir Thomas Wade's notes, by Lady Grant Duff—page 186.

but a dream. But he persisted in calling us the "greatest of Christian-Buddhists." (*Lotus*, February, 1888.) Unfortunately for himself he also called the Pope of the "Cæsaro-papal Rome" "the Satan of the seven hills," in the same number. Result: Pope Leo XIII. asserts once more the proverbial ingratitude of theological Rome. He has just deprived our poetical and eloquent friend and adversary, the Abbé Roca, of the—

exercise of all his functions in Holy Orders, as also of his living, for refusing to submit to a decree by which his works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. These works bore the titles of "Christ, the Pope, and the Democracy;" "The Fatal Crisis and the Salvation of Europe;" and "The End of the World." Even in the face of the present papal decision, he is advertising the appearance of a fourth work, entitled "Glorieux Centenaire," 1889. "Monde Nouveau." "Nouveaux Cieux, nouvelle Terre."

According to *Galignani*—(and his own articles and letters in theosophical organs, we may add) the fearless—

Abbé has for some time, (says *Galiagnani*), been denouncing the Papacy as a creature of Cæsar, and as wholly preoccupied with the question of its temporalities in face of the crying needs of humanity. According to his view, the Divine aid was promised the Church until the end of the world, or of the age; and the Cæsarean age having passed away, all things are to be made new. He looks forward to a spiritual coming of Christ by the spread of the modern sentiment of "liberty, equality, fraternity, toleration, solidarity, and mutuality," in the atmosphere of the Gospel. Although his views do not appear to be very clear, he argues that the Gospel is passing from "the mystico-sentimental phase to the organico-social phase, thanks to the progress of science, which will illumine everything. (The *Globe*.)

This is only what had to be expected. The Abbé would not accept our joint warnings and took no heed of them. The sad epilogue of our polemics is given (not altogether correctly as regards the present writer) in the same *Globe*, wherein the news is wound up in the following words:—

"He has been contending, in the *Lotus*, in favour of a union of the East and the West by means of a fusion between Buddhism and the Christian Gospel; but Mdme. Blavatsky, the foremost European convert to the Indian religion, has emphatically repudiated all attempts at such a union, because she cannot or will not accept the authority of Christ. The Abbé Roca is therefore left out in the cold."

This is not so. What "Mdme. Blavatsky" replied in the *Lotus* (December 1887) to the Abbé's assertions that the said *fusion* between his Church and Theosophy would surely come, was this:

. . . . "We are not as optimistic as he (the Abbé Roca) is. His church sees in vain her greatest 'mysteries' unmasked and the fact proclaimed in every country by scholars versed in Orientalism and Symbology as by Theosophists; and we refuse to believe that she will ever accept our truths or confess her errors. And as, on the other hand, no true theosophist will accept any more a *carnalised* Christ according to the Latin dogma than an anthropomorphic God, and still less a 'Pastor' in the person of a Pope, it is not the adepts who will ever go toward 'the Mount of Salvation,' (as invited by the Abbé). They will rather wait that the Mahomet of Rome

should go to the trouble of taking the path which leads to Mount Meru." . . .

This is not rejecting "the authority of Christ" if the latter be regarded as we and Laurence Oliphant regarded Him, *i. e.* as an *Avatar* like Gautama Buddha and other great adepts who became the vehicles or *Reincarnations* of the "one" Divine Influence. What most of us will never accept is the anthropomorphized *"charmant docteur"* of Renan, or the Christ of Torquemada and Calvin rolled into one. Jesus, the Adept we believe in, taught our Eastern doctrines, KARMA and REINCARNATION foremost of all. When the so-called Christians will have learnt to read the New Testament between the lines, their eyes will be opened and—they will see.

We propose to deal with the subject of Karma and Reincarnation in our next issue. Meanwhile, we are happy to see that a fair wind is blowing over Christendom and propels European thought more and more Eastward.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS*

From C.

1st. Is celibacy necessary to the highest spiritual life and attainment. Is this your idea of true occultism?

Answer.—By no single way is the highest spiritual life attained. The highest Adept and the true occult student, have at some time been wedded to woman. The highest attainment is never reached until a man has passed through this experience. Under certain conditions and at a certain time celibacy is a great aid, but if the student is wedded then it is his *duty* to continue in that condition, and instead of proving a barrier it will be an assistance to his progress if he rightly comprehends its significance. All the lessons which are taught the true occult student are given in daily life and through nature's laws. The celibate loses some of these lessons—lessons which he must inevitably learn—because he violates a great law of nature.

The result of celibacy is that the student works by intellect alone. It is necessary for true occult work that the heart be used also. One of the greater of the "mysteries" can never be learned by the celibate, for he never stands as hand in hand with God a controller of a creative force.

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*This correspondence was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for November, 1887.

2d.—Is a purely vegetable diet indispensable to a high and serene spiritual life?

Answer.—One might eat grass, grain and turnips, a million years, but that *of itself* would not produce a high or serene spiritual life. All these things are aids, not necessities.

If the physical condition is such that animal food can be dispensed with, or without disturbing other people or neglecting the labor given, then it is wise to do away with it. The physical is thereby purified, making it less gross, material and animal like. But "one man's meat is another's poison." Use that which seems the wisest to you. "It is not that which goeth into the mouth but that which cometh out that defileth a man." The right thought, the proper motive, the true Will have more to do with true Occultism than any exterior acts or practices. Fraternally, ZADOK.

From T.

1st.—Am I the result of a series of existences or a series of co-existences?

Answer.—That which is known as you is the result of one continuous existence of an entity. Your present body and your soul (or the personality) are the results of a series of existences. Your Karma is a result of co-existence. The individuality, or spirit, is the cause of the soul and personality, or what is called "you." You are the manifestation of an entity and are the result of many appearances of that entity upon this stage of action in various personalities.

2d.—May one walk for any distance along the Path without being able to see into the Astral Light, or without recognizing anything extraordinary?

Answer.—One may journey an entire life time on "The Path" and not see into the Astral Light *consciously*. All men see into it, for all who dream are looking there, the body being asleep and not receptive.

One may journey a long distance and not see, for all do not work in the same manner. Some may hear "ages before they see," or may feel a long time before either seeing or hearing. The tool most efficient at a certain period is the one used.

We may journey the entire way without recognizing anything extraordinary or encountering phenomena. The most extraordinary things are found in the most ordinary, and are overlooked because of their seeming familiarity. When the understanding is directed to the natural, one finds the supra-natural or supra-human things.

All questions are vital so long as they remain unsolved but all will be answered. It requires patience in ourselves, for many times the answers do not come until years after the question has

been propounded. If I can be of further use to you please consider me at your service. ZADOK.

From J. V.

"There are two ways to ascend and descend, the direct and indirect." *Tea Table,* Oct. PATH. 1st. What are these ways?

Answer.—The thistle down is blown hither and thither with every breath of wind: The arrow speeds straight to the mark from the powerful bow.

The indirect way is that of the thistle down; the Astral going out when the body is asleep, does so in a diffused condition—a passive state—with no adequate force to control it or master unseen forces. It floats at the mercy of every current in the Astral, gleaning here and there as a butterfly but taking the good and bad indiscriminately. It may reach high spheres, but is more likely to remain in those nearest to the physical. This way is traveled by all when asleep, and there dreams are made. It is the passive state where desire is the ruler, and is sometimes traveled in the waking conscious state, but is uncontrollable and unreliable.

The direct way is that of the arrow from the bow. The Astral speeds directly to the sphere which holds the knowledge it is to receive. It does so in obedience to an irresistible force—the Will: Will in accordance with divine law. It is concrete going and returning in obedience to this force, bringing little with it from intermediate spheres other than that for which it is seeking. This occurs in dreamless slumber and the knowledge acquired is not communicated in a dream. This way is travelled in the conscious state for it is the way of the student of the Occult. Unless the man's thought and motive are pure, he is incapable of using the true will, and his Astral goes where other wills or forces drive it. It pauses when other forces interfere—learns from the place it happens to be in, and brings back a horrible jumble sometimes.

2d. Where do these ways lead?

One way leads to Theosophia—Illumination—when travelled awake or asleep.

The other to consideration of self—ordinary living with its erroneous conceptions—as an Occult way, to love of phenomena and spiritism.

They lead to spheres within the astral, for the astral body passes not beyond astral limits. Only when the soul is freed from the astral and material bodies does it pass to higher spheres. These ways also lead to planets, stars and other worlds, for all these may be within the astral of this globe. ZADOK.

ON THE LOOKOUT

The New York *Sun*, with its columns widely and hospitably open to the eccentric and the crank, prints in small type a letter from Mr. Rene Bache on the subject of immortality. Mr. Bache does not plead any special provocation for his rash act. He writes, so to speak, *pro bono publico*, and from a lofty and humanitarian desire to slay the hydra-headed monster of superstition and to scatter as widely as may be the little seeds of materialism along the path of life. He asks us to approach this problem from the point of view of plain ordinary commonsense, and from this we may assume that he means diffidently his own point of view. Mr. Bache is like the numerous scribes who write unsolicited and unread volumes on "the future of religion," under the placid and confident conviction that the forces of evolution will eventually bring the opinions of the whole human race into conformity with their own.

Is it likely, asks Mr. Bache triumphantly, that we can survive our own deaths? Has any living man ever known of an instance where a human being "or other animal" has survived his own death? Mr. Bache seems to be anxious about these questions, or else a little proud of them, since he asks them several times. We may therefore hasten to put his mind at rest by answering both questions in the negative. No man "or other animal" has ever survived his or her own death. No dead man was ever known to be also alive, nor was any living man ever known to be also dead. And by way of forestalling a similarly infantile question we may say that there is no such thing as a square circle nor a circular square.

Now we are forced regretfully to the conclusion that Mr. Bache is "talking down" to the supposed level of his audience, like a university professor to a kindergarten. It is a common custom with these protectors of the poor who are so anxious to free us all from slavery's chains and who are willing enough to juggle with ideas in the attempt. For Mr. Bache must be well aware that the question is not at all whether a dead man can be also alive but whether a living man can ever be dead, and whether the dissolution of the body can have any effect upon the consciousness that used that body. Possibly Mr. Bache is merely trying in a contemptuous sort of way to be humorous; or he assumes that the logic of his audience is of a negligeable quality; or he is actually as inconsequential as he seems to be. Perhaps it does not much matter.

Mr. Bache shows his own philosophic obscurity when he asks "how can the mind continue" after the brain is destroyed? He might as well ask how a violinist can continue after he has lost his violin; or how America and Europe can exist after the Atlantic cable is severed; or how a carpenter can still be a carpenter after he has broken his hammer.

Surely, says Mr. Bache, we can be virtuous without the persuasions of immortality. No doubt we can, some of us. But will Mr. Bache tell us what he means by virtue? What constitutes right and wrong? Why is unselfishness beautiful and selfishness hideous? Does he not understand that virtue is obedience to the evolutionary laws of the soul and that there can be no soul evolution without soul continuity? And does he not see that virtue may often consist of a resistance to the tendencies of the body, and therefore that soul and body cannot be identical? But we seem to have wasted too much time over the obsolete Mr. Bache. He is out of date.

Sir Oliver Lodge would need no prophetic power to foresee that some inquisitive reporter would ask him to explain the total absence of warning from the "spirit world" with regard to the war. The "guides" and "controls" who are so surprisingly loquacious on the many sillinesses of the seance room

seem to have had not the least inkling of the approach of the greatest event in human history and Sir Oliver admitted regretfully, and, let us hope, thoughtfully, that there had been "no definite message." Some of us he said had felt that "something terrible was pending," but then that feeling is somewhat prevalent among us all with the approach of rent day and the tax collector. Evidently the "spirit guides" were grievously remiss, or they may have had reasons of their own for a reticence that must prove embarrassing to their devotees.

And while on the subject of predictions we may ask how it is that the astrologers were in a similar state of unawareness. An examination of the prophetic almanacs and other sources of astrological inspiration fails to disclose anything more definite than those vague conjectures of political unrest that would be equally applicable to any year since the rise of the Holy Roman Empire. Is it possible that the stars in their courses were inadequate to so great an event, or that our astrologers were unable to decipher their message? Let us at least hope that the starry soothsayers of the day will learn a little modesty—a virtue that they sadly lack—and that they will no longer demand for their study a place among the exact sciences of the day. We have the assurance of H. P. Blavatsky that there is a true astrology, but it demands for its acquisition something more than a rather credulous empiricism reinforced by a sidereal almanac and the usual fee for a "full reading."

The ancient augurs, says H. P. Blavatsky, (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 308), "studied exact sciences, for, if the astronomer of today draws his observations from mathematical calculations, the astrologer of old also based his prognostication upon no less acute and mathematically correct observations of the ever-recurring cycles. And, because the secret of this ancient science is now being lost, does that give any warrant for saying that it never existed, or that to believe in it one must be ready to swallow 'magic,' 'miracles' and the like." Says a writer of many years ago in the Russian *Novoye Vremja*, quoted by H. P. Blavatsky in the same article:—

> If, in view of the eminence to which modern science has reached, the claim to prophesy future events must be regarded as either child's play or a deliberate deception, then we can point at science, which, in its turn, has now taken up and placed on record the question whether there is or is not in the constant repetition of events a certain periodicity; in other words, whether these events recur after a fixed and determined period of years with every nation; and if a periodicity there be, whether this periodicity is due to blind chance, or depends on the same natural laws which govern the phenomena of human life.

Some years ago the eminent German scientist, Dr. E. Zasse, wrote for the Prussian Journal of Statistics a powerful and suggestive article on the law of cycles in human history, and it won the approval of H. P. Blavatsky who drew attention to Dr. Zasse's calculations of war periods which he believed to rest upon a basis of periodicity. Dr. Zasse says, "if it is permissible to prophesy, then about the year 2000, Western Europe will have lived through one of those periods of culture and progress so rare in history." Commenting on this prediction at the time it was made a writer in the Russian press (not impossibly H. P. Blavatsky herself) says:—

> Towards those days the Eastern Question will be finally settled, the national dissensions of the European peoples will come to an end, and the dawn of the new millennium will witness the abolition of armies and an alliance between all the European empires.

Those who read the letter from a Turkish Effendi once published by H. P. Blavatsky in the *Theosophist* and subsequently reprinted in *Theosophy* for November, 1914, will find some confirmatory testimony in an article on "Mos-

lems and the War" by the Rev. George F. Herrick which appears in the July issue of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Herrick admits that while Moslems have shown a willingness to accept aid from Christian nations in material things they have always shown a firm fidelity to their ancestral faith and a revulsion from Christianity, and the events now taking place in Europe have, he says, deepened their conviction of the supreme excellence of their own religion.

And Mr. Herrick, although a clergyman, is willing to confess that there is reason for this religious fidelity on the part of the Moslems. Contrary to all our ideas of the character of the followers of the Prophet we are told by Mr. Herrick that:—

> One reason for the recoil of Moslems and other Orientals from the war in Europe is their horror when brought face to face with the results of modern militarism. Asia has been many times overrun by conquering armies. But where in all the centuries can a parallel be found to what is now witnessed in Europe as the result of waging war with the scientific equipment of the present age? The militaristic doctrine and practice of central Europe are utterly repellent to the Oriental mind.

Mohammedans, says Mr. Herrick, have been guilty of killing innocent people, but it has been under provocation and when inflamed by passion. They do not deliberately *plan* the indiscriminate slaughter of people by thousands. The Commander of the Fourth Corps of the Turkish army used these words in his proclamation to the peoples of Palestine:—

> I order the Mohammedan races, who form the majority, to make proof of their patriotic sentiments by cordial relations with the Israelite and Christian elements of the population.
>
> The good, the life, the honor, and especially the individual rights of the subjects of the states at war with us are also under the guarantee of our national honor. I therefore shall not allow the least aggression against these either.

It may be noted furthermore that the Turks are conspicuous among the nations now at war not only by their scrupulous observance of international rule but also by their kindliness toward the prisoners and the wounded. It is said that they alone are supplying lists of prisoners taken by them in order that the relatives of such prisoners may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are alive and safe. The villification of the Mohammedan world may be said to have been a settled policy of Christendom for centuries, but it would seem that vengeance upon the traducer is not among Mohammedan vices.

H. P. Blavatsky was the first to attack eugenism when it appeared in its more objectionable forms, but it would now seem that the doctrine of an irresponsible heredity ought to break down under the weight of its own absurdities and contradictions. Of this we have an amusing example in the discussion among the "experts" as to the characteristics of the first-born child. The discussion began when Mr. G. Hardy Clark of Iowa, speaking before the Child Welfare Bureau of the Panama Pacific Exposition, announced as a fact proved by science that the first-born child was always the best, and that it inherited the finest characteristics of both father and mother. The assembled crowd listened with reverent attention to such a revelation from the scientific Sinai, and doubtless thanked Providence that they were born into an age of such definite and positive knowledge.

But only two days later the newspapers printed a report of a paper written by Professor Karl Pearson, director of the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics of the University of London. It is only fair to assume that Professor Pearson was unaware of the pronouncement of his brother pundit

from Iowa, for he says that "the first-born is very significantly handicapped," and he then goes on to declare that first-born children are not only mentally and physically deficient but they have an additional disadvantage in that they have a very hard time to get into the world at all.

But there is worse to come. With a view to the settlement of this knotty problem the New York newspapers hastened to secure the opinions of other medical sages who had turned their profound intelligences to the elucidation of eugenics. The first to be consulted was Dr. Kerley, visiting physician to the babies hospital, and various other institutions of a like nature. Dr. Kerley was of the opinion that the first-born are likely to be inferior physically but not mentally or morally. Then came Dr. Emmet Holt, a specialist in diseases of babies, and Dr. Holt was of opinion that the first-born are not "necessarily" inferior in any respect. The third expert was Dr. Menas S. Gregory, head of the psychopathic service at Bellevue, who delivered a verdict to the effect that the first-born were likely to be inferior mentally but not physically or morally. So this is obviously a case where we may pay our money and take our choice, and a very wide choice it is.

Now it may be noted that the two chief authorities that have been quoted, Mr. Hardy Clark and Professor Pearson, do not put forward their dicta as opinions, or speculations, or theories. Both speak with the somewhat hectoring voice of science. They know. They ask us to believe that they are speaking of proved and definite fact, like the circulation of the blood, or comets. And they are in absolute contradiction. Their assertions, equally worthless, are mutually destructive. And it is upon a trumpery "science" of this kind that we not only accept a pernicious doctrine of human irresponsibility but hasten to the enactment of coercive legislation.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett has written a little book of "The Spiritual Powers and the War." He tells us that somewhere in the blue empyrean there are titanic and intelligent powers of evil, that they are bent upon the destruction of the human race, and that we are now witnessing the result of their last and culminating efforts in this direction. Well, it may be so, but we had supposed that the causes of war were somewhat more clearly in sight. Mr. Sinnett seems to have fallen under the prevailing delusion that the war is a sudden and unforeseeable invasion of wickedness into the world, that it has come like a lightning stroke from a clear sky, that we are the helpless victims of unpreventable calamity. Now we should have thought that Mr. Sinnett's philosophy would have saved him from a resort to something that is strangely like our old theological bogey of Satan. That there are malefic intelligences in the unseen world is likely enough but they would be powerless without the sustenance of human thought. So far from the war being a bolt from the blue it was the necessary and inevitable result of a generation of materialism, of the frightful teaching that man is no more than a glorified animal, and that it would be well for him to obey the law of the jungle and to sharpen his teeth and claws for the continual combat. The war-makers were Haeckel, and Darwin and Spencer and Nietzsche, a science that robbed humanity of its soul by first persuading man that he was no more than a piece of material mechanism and then proceeding to make him so. We might as well attribute an attack of dyspepsia to the devil as make the devil responsible for the war. Mr. Sinnett may be further reminded that H. P. Blavatsky predicted the present cataclysm in precise and definite terms, but she did not say that it would be caused by devils. She said that it would be caused by unbrotherliness, the "insanity of the age," and she said also that it might be prevented by the promulgation of the broad teachings of Theosophy.